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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911.

The Week

President Taft's message vetoing the joint resolution to admit Arizona is powerfully written. It is evident that he is deeply stirred by what he considers the dangerous impairment of a fundamental principle of our government, involved in the recall of judges, and deals with the whole question on the highest grounds. Both for vigor of statement and elevation of tone his message will rank high among state papers, and ought to have a marked effect. Mr. Taft is under no illusion as to what the people of Arizona may do if they choose. They may procure admission without the judicial recall in their Constitution, and afterwards incorporate it by amendment; and in that case the Federal Government could do nothing, since it is not contended by any that the recall of judges is inconsistent with "a republican form of government." But it was the immediate utterance of important political doctrine and a sense of high official duty which moved the President, and he spoke whether men would hear or forbear. His fellow-citizens ought certainly to give ear to the vital principles which he utters in words of truth and soberness.

Senator Frye's death is chiefly significant as marking the passing of a generation, as well as of a political dynasty. With Blaine, Reed, Hale, and Dingley, he continued the traditions of Fessenden and Hamlin. It was a remarkable group, but one whose vision narrowed steadily as the years passed. The selfish spell of protection was upon them; it became their idol, and almost everything else was subordinated to its safety. Their period was the high-water mark of the system, under which the whole country was exploited for the favored few, while corruption ran rampant throughout our political life, the favors of the Republican party being openly for sale. Senator Frye lived to see the foundations of this edifice begin to crumble; he survived to hear a Republican President fling away the same Chinese wall idea which was as the Scriptures to Blaine and his associates. At least, it was given to him to die in harness; he escaped the fate of his colleague of thirty years, Mr. Hale, who retired to avoid the defeat he saw before him. Able Mr. Frye was, and learned in diplomatic relations and in the law-making procedure of both Houses of Congress, and yet the adjective "great" is not of those that suggest themselves in any review of the long, and in several ways very useful, career recently ended.

The vote of the Senate on Monday fixes the 8th of next January as the date for the report of the Monetary Commission and terminates the life of the commission at that time. This decision was made through an amendment to Senator Cummins's bill of last spring, in which the date had been placed at December 5. When the Cummins measure was introduced it was commonly supposed, inasmuch as its author was an insurgent Senator, to be a move in antagonism to the Aldrich currency plan. In a subsequent statement, however, Mr. Cummins disavowed any such purpose, and frankly expressed his approval of the essential features of the Aldrich scheme. The action of the Senate is based partly on the ground that after the Monetary Commission has been in existence four years it is only reasonable to ask for a formal report, and partly on the belief that it is time, in the interests of banking and currency reform itself, for the matter to be placed, without more ado, in the hands of Congress for legislative consideration and enactment.

The testimony of Dr. Dunlap, who is described as the pro-benzoate member of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, furnishes most damaging evidence of animus and unfairness toward the man whose place he took in the latter's absence. It was while acting as head of the Bureau of Chemistry in Dr. Wiley's absence that he discovered the arrangement with Dr. Rusby by which the expert was to be compensated in an irregular way. Dr. Wiley returned shortly afterward, and then was again away for a single day. This was the day upon which Dr. Dunlap presented his memorandum to Secretary Wilson, first having taken the precaution to dictate it in the office of the friendly solicitor instead of in his own office. Now, there are times when such secrecy is all-important. In the case of a Tweed ring or a Sugar Trust fraud, to allow the suspected persons to get wind of the fact that they are being watched would be to make the watching a waste of effort. Even in such cases, however, there is no particular reason for preserving secrecy after the proof of guilt has been obtained. But in the case of Dr. Wiley it was apparently necessary to go this length. He had employed an expert in a way contrary to the letter of the law. Such a man was dangerous; so dangerous that he must not be permitted so much as to hear that his crime had been discovered until he had been tried and convicted. And to think that he might have appointed a dozen experts in the same way without the slightest peril if only he had taken the proper view of benzoate of soda!

Caught in a whirlwind of state dinners, ceremonial receptions, and breathless sight-seeing tours, our distinguished Japanese visitor must have felt a longing, more than once, for the comparative quiet and repose of the days when the Russian batteries were busy in Port Arthur. To this self-contained and simple-hearted soldier, his ten days of frenzied holiday-making in the United States must have been something of an inferno, and we shudder to think what opinions may have formed themselves in Admiral Togo's mind regarding the ultimate fighting qualities of so emotional and precipitate a nation. That, however, is a risk that had to be run. However grotesque our tempestuous hospitality may have been at times, it was the right kind of reception to be offered by the American people, because it so faithfully expresses the national temper and outlook. In Japan they do things differently; with them it is quality rather than quantity of entertainment that marks the reception of a distinguished visitor. When Mr. Taft, as Secretary of War, visited Japan, he was greeted by a little army of school-children who sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." The idea was Oriental and characteristic. We in turn have taken Ad-

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miral Togo and rushed him off his feet. That, too, is characteristic.

Liverpool joins Coatesville in demonstrating how thin is the veneer of civilization over ferocious human passions. Writers for the press describing the bloody riots in the English city are aghast at the terrible beings in the shape of men and women who throng the streets crying for blood. Their revelation of brute instincts in full force, their mania for destruction, their revelling in blood-spilling and death are as startling in their way as the sudden flaming up of the mob spirit, in forms of fiendish cruelty, which has smitten us all full of shame at the fearful crime in peaceful and Quaker Pennsylvania. Such things come to us as the uncovering of the pit and the letting loose on earth of the awful creatures seen by Milton and Dante. We have no fear that modern states will not be able to make head against such outbursts of the animal. But the task set them is both hard and urgent. The community must act as a man does who sets about taking himself in hand. It must be incessantly on the watch, must not glory in its strength or boast of its immunity from sudden temptation. And just as the individual sternly puts down abhorrent passions that sometimes rise in his heart, so must society move relentlessly against every display of mob fury, and make its ministers of justice understand that they do not bear the sword in vain.

Gov. Harmon is to be congratulated on the possession of an extraordinarily active and efficient press agent. It may be doubted whether any candidate for high office in this country ever had publicity worked up for him by a man combining to so exceptional a degree the gift of epigram, of invective, of hortatory appeal, and, above all, of concentrating the attention of a vast public on the person he is engaged in exploiting. And the remarkable thing about it all is that Mr. Harmon avails of the services of this unrivalled press agent without the outlay of a single dollar or the expenditure of a single thought upon the subject. It is not every candidate that can sit back with folded hands in complete confidence that everything that can be done to bring his name in full prominence before the country will be done. If in the course of the next few months there still remains any community or any individual citizen who is ignorant of the fact that Judson Harmon is a figure to be reckoned with in next year's Presidential campaign, it will not be the fault of William Jennings Bryan, whose magnificent efforts to emphasize the importance of Ohio's Chief Executive are bound to be all the more productive of results because they are unsolicited and unrewarded.

Wilbur Wright's condemnation of spectacular aviation is timely. Is it not more than time for the police to take charge of affairs of this kind? When Count de Lambert circled the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, he was arrested and fined, not only because of the danger to the man in the street, but as an assertion of the right of the municipality of Paris to sovereignty in the air above. Although the enforcement of penalties has at times been greatly relaxed, the Prefect of Police has lately served notice on the powerful Aero Club of France that he will adopt drastic measures to remedy the evil. At the opening of last year's aviation season in Germany, Robl flew over Stettin, and was fined $35 for so doing. Shortly thereafter, Frey winged his way over Berlin by map, following a predetermined course, going up one street and down another and turning corners with the precision of a delivery wagon. As soon as he finished this fine piece of work, the police promptly took him into custody. He was fined the same sum as Robl, and further warned that imprisonment would be the penalty for a similar exploit. That ended over-city flights in Germany. To-day, when an aviator journeys from one German city to another he must procure in advance a permit from the chief of police at his intended destination to make a landing in some selected safe reservation. Just before King George's coronation, Parliament enacted a law to prevent heavier-than-air machines from menacing the attendant crowds.

Patriotic Americans must have felt a thrill of pride when they read that the German court, as, indeed, all Berlin, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new Ambassador from the United States. It is a satisfaction thus to have our great men get their due abroad. But the eagerness with which the Germans are counting the days till Mr. Leishman reaches their capital is a trifle peculiar. They are not expecting him to outdo Bancroft in culture or to eclipse Motley or Marsh or Lowell or any other of the famous diplomats we have sent to Europe. No; what they are on tip-toe with curiosity to find out is whether the American Ambassador is going to throw into the shade the lavish social entertainment with which Mr. Tower, and especially Mrs. Tower, delighted them when at the Berlin Embassy. It is known that the Kaiser described Mrs. Tower as "the Moltke of society," so that it is at once evident that a high standard has been set for the Leishmans. Will they be able to attain or even surpass it? That is the question now agitating German official circles, and it naturally dwarfs any such petty affair as an arbitration treaty. Mr. Leishman's "past performances" are such as to encourage the hope that he will do everything within the power of mortal purse to meet the high expectations formed in Germany, and if his money holds out we may look for his winning a great diplomatic success. It is even possible that his social glitter may soon enable his friend and patron, Secretary Knox, to announce the conclusion of an arbitration treaty with Germany. The first reciprocity treaty with Canada was "floated through on champagne," and if we only have an Ambassador at Berlin rich enough to dissolve pearls in each glass, who can doubt that the haughty Germans will speedily capitulate?

The changes imminent in the English parliamentary system amount to something more than a Constitutional revolution. They mark the triumph of a force which, for want of a more precise term, we may describe as the spirit of democracy. England before this has experienced profound Constitutional changes, but, in the last resort, the same class has continued to exercise authority under the new forms. It has been the constant grievance of the English radicals that under Tory or Whig ascendency, Conservative or Liberal, the destinies of the kingdom and the empire have been shaped by members of the leisure classes; the fact that England's prosperity has been ascribed to

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the high quality of political leadership it has enjoyed has not been allowed to invalidate the argument that the functions of government have been the monopoly of the few. Birth and breeding have been almost as important a qualification for leadership among Liberals as among Conservatives. The Shaws and the Chestertons are fond of dilating on the lack of essential differences and the essential community of interest between the Nokeses on one side of the House of Commons and the Stokeses on the other, with a case like that of John Burns as an occasional striking exception.

The personality of the "strong men" in both parties clearly illustrates the movement away from upper-class ascendency in England. Only a few years ago, the most dynamic figure among the Liberals was Mr. Winston Churchill, of whom it was predicted that a few years would find him Prime Minister. This would have been in accordance with the old traditions. For all his vehement radicalism, the fact remained that Mr. Churchill is the son of a lord and the grandson of a duke. But the prestige of that ardent young statesman has paled of late before the personality of Mr. Lloyd George, a man of the humblest origin, in temperament and outlook totally different from the older type of English Cabinet Ministers. The strong man of the moment, on the Unionist side, in the recent flurry, was not Mr. Balfour, nor yet Mr. Austen Chamberlain, but a comparative newcomer in the person of Mr. F. E. Smith, whom a press dispatch describes as a man of "no particular family." And Mr. F. E. Smith, like Mr. David Lloyd George, has little use for the old, bland methods of party warfare when men fought resolutely but always with the consciousness that they were English gentlemen. English democracy was long content to be ruled by its social superiors. It is now beginning to choose leaders from among its own ranks. It should seem to be the day for the leader of "no particular family."

French art is more gallant than French science. Only a few months after Mme. Curie's rejection by the Academy, the Prix de Rome is awarded to Mlle. Lucienne Antoinette Heuvelmans over the heads of her male competitors. This is not the first prize for the successful contestant, as, besides minor honors at the end of every year since she entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1904, she won the second Grand Prix two years ago. Yet it is but two decades since an outcry was raised against the daring novelty of even admitting girls to the school, and more than one artist of prominence is still unreconciled to the idea of sending a young woman student to Rome with a purse from the state. But it is not easy to deny ability or opportunity merely because it appears in unaccustomed guise, and the future at least is secure for women artists in France. There is a difference between the cases of Mme. Curie and Mlle. Heuvelmans which is not unimportant. The scientist lost the distinction of membership in the Academy, but there is nothing in that to hamper her in making further discoveries. The withholding of the Prix de Rome would have been the denial of a most valuable opportunity to an artist who had shown herself worthy of great encouragement.

Who would have guessed that Paris was noisier than London? Or New York quieter, or rather, less noisy, than either? These are among the discoveries credited to Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the anti-noise crusader of this city, who is making observations of the problem abroad. The auto-horn is her latest object of attack, and she is reported as planning a campaign to reduce the range of its notes from the present five miles to a block. Equally productive of noise is the frequency of its use. In Paris she found that her own chauffeur blew his horn fifty-five times in less than two minutes and a half in a street that was not crowded, and in London she counted 488 such blasts in the twenty minutes between 8:30 and 8:50 P. M., while an hour later, during the comparatively quiet time before the theatres are closing, she counted 656 blasts in thirty minutes. Whether these numbers are much larger than they need to be, a series of comparisons would soon show.

European ignorance of American geography is equalled only by American ignorance of the way things are arranged on the map of the Old World. It is hardly possible, however, that many of our citizens have reached the height of misinformation reported to have been displayed by Mayor Fitzgerald of—Boston. At Hamburg he made a gracious reference to "Dusselberg," by interpretation Düsseldorf, and then spoke of the keen interest with which he and the hundred members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce who were with him looked forward to seeing the German capital, and after it "those other great German towns, Budapest and Vienna." We are not altogether certain that this last was ignorance. What more subtle compliment to his Hamburg hosts could be conceived than an apparent belief that the Empire stretched to the farthest banks of the Danube? The Kaiser, we are sure, was flattered, and only wished that the American's gracious words were as true as they were pleasing. It is a little difficult to put the same aspect upon Admiral Badger's recent toast to the German fleet while being entertained by Danish naval officers at Copenhagen.

No one will pretend that conditions in Mexico have reached a state of permanent equilibrium. Until a President of the republic has been legally elected and recognized by a solid majority of the Mexican people the opportunity for mischief will never be absent. Yet the outlook is good, and especially in the fact that the late revolution has brought to the front at least three men who rank far above the level of Spanish-American politicians: One man is Madero; another is De la Barra; another is Reyes. Of Madero, it may be said at once that he is giving evidence of excellent powers of leadership. At the beginning of the revolution it was customary to sneer at him as a visionary and a fanatic. Worse than that, he was a spiritualist and a vegetarian. But if a cool mind under adversity, self-restraint, firmness, and insight count for anything, we need not attribute Madero's success to spiritualism and spinach exclusively. His behavior in the recent dispute between his own immediate follower, Gomez, and Acting-President De la Barra has been courageous and honorable. De la Barra is officially conducting his office in the spirit of the peace agreement that brought him into power. Reyes, though a candidate against Madero, is so openly. And that is what the country needs —men who shall play the game aboveboard and abide by results.

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THE RISKS OF PEACE.

We often speak of the hazards of war, and nations and statesmen are ready, on fit occasion, to face the uncertainties of an appeal to arms; but it is not so freely admitted that there must also be risks in great plans for peace. In these, too, we must be willing to take our chances. Even the most carefully drawn arbitration treaty cannot take a bond of fate or foresee everything in the future. If we were to wait for a treaty till it was absolutely flawless and danger-proof, we should never get one at all. The thing that sensible men will do is to look the whole document over with an eye to its main intent and effect and then, sure that no human work can be perfect, stand ready to face the possibility that some part or clause may yet make trouble. In other words, enlightened and humane public men will hazard something for peace. They will not leave to those who go to war the monopoly of a cheerful spirit in the presence of unpleasant contingencies.

To this course, however, the United States Senate has been averse. The Foreign Relations Committee has taken up the arbitration treaties recently signed between this country and both England and France, and reported them favorably, to be sure, but with one important and even vital clause stricken out. This is the last part of Article III, by which agreement is made, in cases where the two countries cannot decide whether a dispute is arbitrable, to leave the question to a joint high commission of inquiry. This seems, and it is so regarded by President Taft, as the necessary conclusion of the whole matter. It completes and clinches the treaty. Without this provision it could not be said that the nations were committed to the policy of arbitrating *all* controversies that were capable of settlement on the principles of law and equity. So that the Senate committee, by rejecting the clause referred to, has done what it could to destroy the character of the treaties as universal and all-inclusive.

The reasons given by Senators are of two kinds. They allege that the Constitutional functions of the Senate in treaty-making are infringed upon. Here is an outside body which may determine whether a particular question is of a sort that should be submitted to arbitration. The Senate, it is said, with the President should decide. But the Constitutional prerogative of the Senate is solely to give or withhold its advice and consent to a treaty laid before it; and that is carefully preserved in the President's scheme for all-round arbitration. On each agreement to arbitrate the Senate will retain unimpaired its right to pronounce. You may lead the Senate to a given arbitration treaty, but you cannot make it drink against its will. All this has been clearly set forth by Secretary Knox, and the Constitutional argument is conclusive. Indeed, it is urged by the Senate destructives with only half a heart. What they most bank upon is the assertion that the clause they object to is dangerously vague. Under it a joint commission might some day conceivably decide that questions connected with the Monroe Doctrine ought to be arbitrated; that would, of course, mean the end of all things! But even in that case, the power of the Senate to reject a treaty would remain just what it is, so that unless patriotism—or jingoism—dries up in the Senate, the country will be safe from a recreant President.

It is hard to believe that Senators are entirely sincere in all these horrible imaginings about the future. Some of them, at least, act like men who have motives which they dislike to avow and would cloak in any fair-seeming disguise. They do lip-service to the cause of peace, but at heart are against any agreement wholly removing possible sources of friction between this country and Great Britain, and cast about for some kind of excuse for their hostility to the treaty. We note that some of them, in their desperate clutching for a justifying argument, have been so petty as to intimate that Ambassador Bryce has been craftily plotting, by this treaty, to shear the Senate of a part of its Constitutional powers. Pages from his books are gravely cited in which he accurately describes the ways of the Senate in dealing with treaties, and Senators, too astute by half, point out the possibility that Mr. Bryce overreached our negotiators for the express purpose of humiliating the Senate! What is really needed for such Senators is a joint commission to pass upon the state of their intellects.

There can be little doubt that the Senate means mischief with the arbitration treaties. President Taft has a warrant for being disturbed by this preliminary action. Better than anybody else he knows its significance as a display of hostility, both to his Administration and to all-embracing arbitration. And the dispatches make it clear that the President is roused and ready to join issue with the Senate, if need be. His friends report him as minded to appeal to the people against the opposing Senators. He could not ask for a better cause. No act of his Administration has commanded such general applause as his efforts to eliminate all fear of war by a series of treaties agreeing to arbitrate even questions of national "honor," and there can be no doubt of the overwhelming response he would get from the churches and the peace-loving masses if he called upon them to come to his aid. The common sense of the people is not artfully hair-splitting, and does not need to be jealous of imagined attacks on its own importance. Nor would it go with the Senate in being unwilling to venture something if only peace might lie in level shafts of light across the land.

GOV. WILSON'S CANDIDACY.

Since the opening of a bureau in New York city for the promotion of the nomination and election to the Presidency of Gov. Woodrow Wilson has taken place with his knowledge and apparent consent, it is now fair to speak of him as an avowed candidate. As such, it must frankly be admitted, he is to-day interesting the general public far more than any other man whose name is now being mentioned on the Democratic side. We are aware of the strong hold Gov. Harmon has upon public respect and good will, especially in the Middle West, but it would be idle to assert that he has appealed to the imagination of the masses as has this newcomer in the East. It must also be recognized that Gov. Wilson towers far above such aspirants as Gov. Marshall, ex-Gov. Folk, and the Speaker of the House, none of them of Presidential size. We, therefore, are viewing a close parallel to the career of Grover Cleveland during the first year of his Governorship. Not that we wish to imply that Gov. Wilson is certain of nomination. It is a far cry to the final ballot in the next National Convention, and it must not be forgotten that it seemed at one time as if Gov. Hughes might go straight from Albany to Washington.

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It is to be presumed, too, that when he is asked by responsible people to announce his candidacy formally, he will respond with the same frankness and plain speaking with which Gov. Hughes presented himself to the public during the winter before Mr. Taft's nomination. The same honorable ambition has actuated both men. They desired to go higher, and have not hesitated to let it be known. To say that the aims of these two men have not been dissimilar is only to carry the parallel a step further. At the same time there is no question that the New Jersey Governor is much the more radical and that his social programme reaches further, just as he has been more successful in actually unhorsing the bosses and their tools who have opposed him. Gov. Hughes concentrated all his efforts—unsuccessfully—upon the direct nominations issue as a step toward restoring to the people the power over elections wrested from them under the boss system. If we interpret Gov. Wilson's attitude correctly, that would be to him only a first step. He is deeply aroused by the failure of representative institutions to represent, and he is prepared to go far, it may seem to many people too far, in his desire to make these institutions over.

Indeed, his recent utterances have chilled the enthusiasm for him of many admirers—his Harrisburg address on the money power, which to some has appeared like Bryanism, and his recantation of his former opposition to the initiative and referendum. However open to criticism these addresses may be, the Governor is at least not to be charged with any failure to be frank. It was courageous of him to avow his changed beliefs, for he must have known that he would be charged with flopping for political purposes only—a criticism that ought to be weighed with his refusal to approve—even in California—of the recall of judges, which to-day seems so popular in the Far West. As for his speech on the money power, there will always be two ways of looking at it. Some will decry it as an attempt to stir up the groundlings, while others will see in it only an effort to be frank—weakened, perhaps, because there was no constructive remedy advanced for what was an alarming portrayal of certain financial conditions.

Why is it that a man so recently come into our public life has already impressed himself so markedly upon the country? It is not merely that he is a new figure and that he has achieved single-handed, as it were, the defeat of long-intrenched bosses by fighting them in a straightforward way and letting the whole State know what was going on. At bottom we have here merely another illustration of the most salient fact in our political history, that the American people love beyond all else a man whom they believe to be fearless and sincerely devoted to their interests. But there is still another reason to explain the way in which the whole country is watching the Governor's career. The tide of insurgency, of revolt against present party conditions and the boss system, is running more strongly than ever, not only in the West, but in the East. No one need be deceived by the weakening of the Republican insurgent movement in Congress, by the doubts cast upon the sincerity and unselfishness of its spokesmen by their course in the present tariff struggle. The significance of these leaders lay never so much in their own actions or in their own opinions as in the fact that they represented a great stirring among the masses of their people, who came to realize that they were being exploited by selfish politicians.

It is because they have found in Gov. Wilson's speeches a kindred striving after more democratic institutions as well as appeals for the abolition of special privilege that men everywhere listen to him so carefully. In Texas and Pennsylvania he has actually proved a peacemaker, in that the warring wings of the party have united to endorse his candidacy. It is the kind of candidacy to be welcomed, whether one is Republican or Democrat, progressive or stationary. Here is a man who has come straight from an academic career to bring his own stimulating note into our public discussions and national life. How will he wear? How will his present popularity affect him? Is he unselfish? Is he sound as well as radical? Has he really thought out the questions of the day? Upon the answer to these queries depends the progress of Gov. Wilson's candidacy in the regard of thoughtful independents in both parties. They know him to be fearless and wholly devoted to the democratic ideal, whether as college president or Governor, and they are beginning to give him their trust.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

Going abroad was once a holiday. It has now become a function of high public importance. The act of engaging passage on a six-day steamer transforms an ordinary American citizen into an authority on politics, finance, literature, art, and ethics. He is interviewed on the pier and usually improves the occasion to fire a parting shot. Hiram K. Jones, who is in the bicycle business at Dayton, Ohio, declares, as he walks up the gangway, that Mr. Taft has utterly lost the confidence of the country. Leaning against the railing of the promenade deck, Harrison Smith of Indianapolis asserts with confidence that business will never revive until the great Middle West is emancipated from the control of Wall Street. A former Mayor of Ogdensburg pauses long enough in his search for a cabin trunk to express his belief that the divorce evil can be speedily suppressed if only the problem is approached in the right spirit. A detached view is essential if one would see things in their true light, and many American business men fall into this detached attitude from the moment they engage passage on a boat for Europe. We need no longer look to the intelligent foreigner for a frank and penetrating judgment on American civilization. The truth is to be had by waylaying any outward-bound passenger on a North River pier and setting down the thoughts that possess him as he prepares to leave the natal shore.

Once landed on the other side, our traveller immediately acquires a vast insight into European affairs. This he does without losing his importance as a critic of conditions in America. Hiram K. Jones, when accosted in the midst of a jolly little dinner party at a West End hotel in London, affirms without hesitation that the loyalty of the British people to the Crown is as widespread and as sincere as it has ever been since the time of the early Tudors. This knowledge Mr. Jones has obtained while riding in a first-class compartment on the boat train from Fishguard to the capital. Mr. Jones furthermore declares that the British nation is clamorous for war with Germany, and that the outcome of such a war can hardly be doubtful. Germany might score a few preliminary successes, but British pluck will assert itself in the end and the

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German navy will be swept from the seas. To this Mr. Harrison Smith of Indianapolis adds that the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the German Empire would at once be followed by the invasion of Belgium and Holland by the Kaiser's troops. In both countries the people are eager to cast in their lot with Germany, and Antwerp and Rotterdam are bound to be transformed into German naval harbors. France will play an insignificant rôle in the struggle, because, as we learn from James P. Brown of Ogdensburg, who is found sipping a green liqueur at the Café de la Paix, the French nation is utterly decadent. This he ascertained while motoring up to Paris from Dieppe.

The future of the American theatre is a subject that lies close to the heart of Sunday newspaper readers in America. On this point our travellers abroad suffer no doubts. Mr. Jones, in the course of a three days' sojourn in Paris, has discovered that the French playwrights have nothing to teach us. Why, at the Porte St. Martin they charged him two francs extra for the benefit of the poor, an old woman in black asked a franc for hanging up his hat and coat, and the young woman who led him to his seat demanded a franc for this superfluous service and an additional franc for a programme. The exit facilities were abominable, and Mr. Jones shuddered to think of what would happen in case of fire, considering how given to panic French audiences are. In case of peril, French men always seek safety by trampling over women and children. The general trend of this testimony is confirmed by Mr. Harrison Smith's experiences in Berlin, where he stayed from Friday afternoon to Monday. The vogue of Ibsen and his school is almost extinct in the German capital. This is clearly evident from the fact that every one of the four shows Mr. Smith attended in Berlin were comic operas imported from Vienna. In general, Mr. Smith found little intellectual life in Germany. Germans were only concerned with maintaining the efficiency of their army and opening up foreign markets. German competition was driving England from the field because German manufacturers pack their goods just the way the people of Burma and Paraguay like to have them packed, whereas English manufacturers cling to their own old-fashioned ways of doing business. The enormous expansion of German commerce has convinced Mr. Smith that the United States must establish ship subsidies if we are to win our proper share of the South American trade.

During their stay abroad, neither Jones nor Smith has kept in close touch with the progress of events in this country, owing to the fact that the European press gives little space to American affairs. The news which filters in by wireless on the homeward voyage is meagre. Nevertheless, as the ship approaches Quarantine Jones and Smith automatically become well-informed. The Dayton man feels sure that there is bound to be a tremendous revival in steel as soon as Congress adjourns. The Progressive movement he finds is definitely declining. He believes that much good was accomplished at the recent convention for the improvement of the status of the rural clergyman, and that still greater good is bound to come with time. Conservation is undoubtedly a living issue. The book season has been one of the most successful we have ever had and leaves little doubt that we shall soon lead the world in the output of fiction. Prosperity was bound to come if we only made up our minds to pull together. Having thus spoken to the reporters, Mr. Jones takes the train for Dayton and Mr. Smith the train for Indianapolis, where smokers are given in their honor by the local branches of their respective fraternal organizations.

THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND.

The world at large has ceased to be troubled greatly by the woes of Poland. The crime of dismemberment has receded into the dismal past. The deeds of Polish heroism belong to former generations. The fate of unhappy Poland is looked upon as sealed, and the peoples of Christendom, beset with their own concerns, are not in a mood to lavish idle sympathy upon a broken member of the human family. The Powers to whom the downtrodden Poles might look for sympathy, if nothing else, have their own subject races and the problem of how to deal with them. Yet from France comes an impassioned voice to remind us of the tragedy that is still being enacted, and furthermore to proclaim that Poland is not yet lost. In a stirring volume, entitled "La Pologne Vivante," M. Marius-Ary Leblond, a many-sided and gifted writer, has undertaken to describe the ordeal through which the Poles are passing, under the dominion of Russia and Prussia, and the wonderful powers of resistance which they exhibit. His book is an eloquent appeal to the nations, and especially to France, "the only sister that Poland has in Europe." To Frenchmen, at a time when their ship of state sees no other means of righting itself than by leaning upon the Power which is the great oppressor of mankind, the picture which he has drawn of the moral greatness and martyrdom of Poland must furnish food for bitter reflection. The author himself hastens to disclaim any personal aversion to Russia as one of the Powers. He would have Russia great for France's sake, for the sake of a barrier against Pan-Germanism. "Nous la voulons grande, plus grande." Russia will be the greatest Power in the world when she has decided to deal righteously with Poland.

Having set himself straight with his countrymen in this matter, M. Leblond proceeds to unfold an almost incredible tale of the atrocities perpetrated in Poland by the Russian officials, police, and soldiery during the recent upheaval in the Czar's dominions. "Czarism has deserved, provoked, the execration of mankind by its treatment of Poland since 1904; it has been atrocious, bestial." By the side of this he places another revolting picture, the treatment of the Poles by the Prussian Government. The brutal measures employed in the name of the law to Germanize them render the life of the Poles in the province of Posen more miserable, M. Leblond affirms, than existence under the "permanent state of siege" that prevails in Russian Poland. The only response on the part of the Poles to the acts of their oppressors is a calm and stoical determination to unfold and strengthen their nationality in the face of persecution, an all-pervading activity directed toward the intellectual uplift and physical improvement of the race and its economic development, as a means of bringing about its renascence and ultimate deliverance.

The nation has been subjecting itself to a process of introspection which has materially altered its character. It has broken, in a measure, with the spirit of the past and divested itself of that

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impulsiveness which found expression in futile uprisings. It has ceased to dream and is applying itself arduously to the task of building up its forces. Vigorous efforts are being made to improve the condition of the peasants by inducing them to organize coöperative societies, which are at the same time patriotic associations. The aristocracy and middle class are laboring assiduously to rouse the humble people by making them familiar with the glorious memories of the nation's past. Nowhere else have literature and art been enlisted to such an extent in the national cause. In no other country has woman played such an exalted rôle in the development and assertion of the national spirit. The Catholic Church is a great mainstay of the nation in its resistance to Russification and Germanization. It is not merely in order to make head against the Orthodox Church or the Evangelical Church that it lends its strength to the Poles in their struggle. The Catholic priests are ardent Polish patriots, and many of them have laid down their lives in the fight for freedom.

The main concern of the Poles at present is the preservation of their language. The most persistent efforts of the Russian and Prussian Governments to force upon them the languages of their masters are proving ineffectual. Every fresh census informs the world that the Polish-speaking population of Russia and Germany, as well as of Austria, is holding its own. In fact, the Germans who live among the Poles are to some extent becoming Polonized. No way has yet been devised by the instruments of Russian and Prussian oppression to prevent Polish parents from inculcating in their children the feeling that their mother tongue is their most precious possession. Even Russian autocracy has to stop short of abolishing the Polish press. Polish theatres are tolerated in Warsaw and elsewhere in the Russian dominions, no play being permitted, forsooth, in which a Polish king is one of the characters.

The extraordinary efforts made by the Prussian Government to repress the Polish element in Posen in favor of the German, through the expenditure of hundreds of millions of marks in the purchase of Polish estates forcibly placed upon the market, and the colonization of German agriculturists, have been thwarted in large measure by organized action in the direction of enabling the Polish peasants to obtain small parcels of land. In every way the Poles continue to bid silent defiance to their oppressors, and there is no saying that a nation so devoted to its soil, its traditions, its language, and its religion is doomed forever. With the Austro-Hungarian monarchy hanging together by such slender threads and with the enmity existing between Muscovite and Teuton, the Poles have reason to hope that a time will come when they will have to be reckoned with. Who can tell whether far-seeing German statesmen, even while the policy of making Germany German is relentlessly pursued, with the Poles as its victims, are not thinking of the creation, when the occasion arises, of a great buffer state between the German Empire and the dominions of the Czar? A resuscitated Poland would mean the erection of a mighty bulwark against a Russian onslaught. And it is not altogether out of the question that, foreseeing such a possibility, the wielders of power in Russia will sooner or later come to the conclusion that the policy of denationalizing the Poles, so vainly persisted in, had better be abandoned in favor of one of pacification through the granting of concessions amounting to a large share of autonomy.

BOOK-REVIEWING A LA MODE.

It all began with the publisher who ventured to express his opinion, on the paper wrappers of the book, that the author's style carried a suggestion of Thackeray or Stevenson or Tolstoy, as the case might be. The deluge was upon us immediately. To-day it is the rule in publishers' notices that when a story is loose-jointed, sprightly, and at times ungrammatical, it marks its author as a worthy successor of Thackeray. When a story is replete with battle, murder, sudden death, and antique adjectives, it has the charm of Stevenson. When a story deals with "real" people, that is, with financiers, politicians, hypocrites, misers, dreamers, lovers, and scoundrels, its author is immediately an American Balzac. When a writer ends his stories with a snap he is our American Maupassant. When he ends them with a laugh, he is our new Mark Twain. When he ends them with a riot he is our American Victor Hugo. When he ends them with a death-scene and tears, he is our American Dickens. Literary criticism has become simply a matter of identification. It is no longer necessary to say whether a book is good or bad, or even whether you like it or not. You merely take the author's thumb-print and by comparison with the originals ascertain whether he is Balzac or Thackeray or Dumas.

All this is bewildering to many men of an older generation; bewildering and a bit painful. They wonder whether congenital incapacity makes them insensible to the fact that the literary world to-day reeks with genius, or whether the deadening hand of time has come upon them. Once upon a time people believed that a Dickens or a Thackeray comes once in a hundred years. To-day they come at least twice a year, in the spring and autumn publishing season. Did we say Dickens *or* Balzac? We have for some time been past the stage of invoking these individual old Titans. To-day we have writers of first novels who embody the concentrated essence of the entire nineteenth century. For the petty sum of one dollar and twenty cents you can have your choice of half-a-dozen books, each of which contains the robust realism of Fielding, the grace of J. M. Barrie, the rollicking humor of Pickwick, the *bravura* of Dumas, and the lovely sentiment of "Henry Esmond." All these qualities, it will be noted, the book contains without losing any of the qualities that appeal so intensely to the modern American, lots of red blood, lots of action, lots of Gibson femininity, lots of optimism, and lots of wholesome advice on how to succeed. Our readers of the older generation can only shake their heads and wonder how the thing is done.

But there are other readers in whom the awakened emotion is not wonder, but a sharp disgust. These wild encomiums plastered on every shoddy novel not only tell lies about the present, they besmirch the honored past. While they are appraising Robinson's first novel in terms of Thackeray or Balzac, they are, of course, appraising Thackeray and Balzac in terms of Robinson. A vast body of consumers of fiction that do not know their Maupassant or their Tolstoy will henceforth cherish the belief that Maupassant is very much like Jones, and that Tolstoy is very much like Brown. The offence

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is ethical and it is æsthetic. It borrows from get-rich-quick finance the elegant assumption that a sucker is born every minute, and applies it to literature, thereby emphasizing the primal truth that a book is like a washboard or a sewing machine or an insurance policy: you can claim all imaginable virtues for it and *caveat emptor*. Under present conditions a book is not quite as important a commodity as a bottle of patent medicine. The law punishes the drug manufacturer for misbranding his wares. But there is no law to keep a bookseller from sending his goods into the open market labelled Thackeray Extra Choice or Dickens Fancy Prime.

But the publisher at least makes no pretence in the matter. He is out to sell his goods, and if a fancy cigar-label will do the trick it is good enough for him. What, however, shall be said of the professional reviewer who plays the assiduous parrot to the publisher's puffs? He imperils the dignity of criticism and of literature. He imperils the dignity of the human understanding. For there need be no mincing the matter: the book-reviewer who, month after month, unearths writers with the charm of Thackeray, with the humor of Dickens, with the vast insight of Balzac, must either be a fool or a liar. It is well enough to be good-natured, to shrink from carping, to search for the best that can be said in favor of a new book or a new writer. But good-nature should have its limits in this business. Greater things than good-nature are truth and the duty of clear thinking, and the duty not to befuddle the minds and the standards of the masses.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, July 1.

The Danish essayist, Georg Brandes, has just published a small pamphlet, "Før og nu, to tragiske skæbner" ("Then and now, two tragic fortunes"), which shows him to have lost none of his vigor. Of the two essays, one deals with the life and convictions and tragic fate of the Spanish-French religious scholar, Michel Servet, who was persecuted in the Inquisition, and, owing chiefly to the revengefulness of Calvin, was burned to death. It shows great indignation, gives a clear picture of sixteenth century conditions, and draws the character of the enlightened and courageous Servet, the indefatigable searcher after truth, with much sympathy and comprehension. The other essay concerns the life and death of Francisco Ferrer y Guardia, the Spanish educator, who was shot in one of the trenches of the fortress at Montjuich, near Barcelona, on October 12, 1909. Brandes regards Ferrer as one of the best of men, and his murder one of the greatest crimes which was ever committed. "Ferrer," he exclaims, "died for the liberty of thought, like the martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like Servet, like Giordano Bruno, the fortunes of whom not many had thought they should see repeated in the twentieth century."

Henrik Ibsen's only son, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, has never followed in just the literary footprints of his father. Whatever he has written has been preoccupied with a sober and scholarly discussion of philosophical and political problems. After Dr. Ibsen retired as a member of the Norwegian cabinet a few years ago, he lived for some time obscurely in foreign countries; but recently he has returned home, taking up his residence near Christiania, and has now issued a social-philosophical work, "Menneskelig kvintessens" ("Human Quintessence"), which has attracted considerable attention throughout the Scandinavian countries. Dr. Ibsen's book consists of four essays: "Nature and Man," "Why Politics Falls Short," "On Human Aptitude and Human Art," and "On Great Men: An Attempt at Valuation," the three latter more closely explaining and developing the views put forth in the first. He contrasts sharply our position toward nature and our position toward man, and argues that we should not try to find the key to human affairs in nature, which it is impossible for us to comprehend, but rather in the study of man, of whom we have at least some little knowledge. He directs an attack upon the prevailing denial of the independence of human spirit, and does this in language so admirably clear and concise as to make a difficult subject appear easy. It may be hoped that the work will be translated.

In Norway socialism is not very old, although it has considerable power. It was brought to this country from Denmark in the early seventies, but did not win a firm foothold till some years later. In 1897 universal suffrage was adopted, which was an enormous aid to socialism, and now the socialists have no less than eleven of the 123 members of the Storthing. A complete history of socialism in Norway has never been written, but the recent book by Olav Kringen, "De første socialdemokrater i Norge" ("The First Socialists in Norway"), is a valuable work. It describes the introduction of socialistic theories by the Danish saddler, Marius Jantzen, in 1873, the first meetings held by him and his few followers in the early seventies, the opposition to the new party, and the great difficulties of the leaders, and, in a short conclusive chapter, the recent history and the present strength and position of the party. The book numbers only 135 pages, but is well and compactly written. It is illustrated with excellent portraits of leading Norwegian socialists.

A Swedish biography of considerable interest is Anna Hamilton Geete's "I solnedgången, minnen och bilder från Erik Gustaf Geijers senaste lefnadsår" ("At Sunset; Recollections and Pictures from Geijer's Later Years"). It gives much useful information concerning the private life of a Swedish historian and poet, who lived from 1783 to 1847, and was professor of history at the University of Upsala. The work deals with the years 1840 to 1845, a period of Geijer's life which has been rather neglected by his earlier biographers, and will be followed by a volume on the remaining two years of his life. The book will be read with great interest, although it contains a few things which might better have been kept within the circle of the subject's descendants, not being of sufficient importance for public consideration.

Another Swedish biography worthy of attention is Louise Hamilton's work on Fredrik Borg, the Swedish editor and statesman, who during the eighties and the first half of the nineties played an influential part in Scandinavian politics, meeting the demands of Norway for a just settlement of the union controversy between the two countries with unusual impartiality, comprehension, and farsightedness. Of particular interest will prove the correspondence between Borg and his warm friend, the Norwegian poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. It throws much interesting light on political sentiments of those stormy days.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Parker Winship, librarian of the John Carter Brown library in Providence, in his annual report, tells of two very important additions to that library. One of them is the Bull of Demarcation issued by Pope Alexander VI in May, 1493, and printed at the time, and the only impression of this important document which can now be located. Another specimen described by Harrisse in his "Additions" was sold at Puttick and Simpson's on May 24, 1854, and was bought by Rich the bookseller for £4 8s., but where it went seems not to be on record. The Brown Library copy was presented to Mr. Winship by a friend of the library in Mexico.

Columbus landed at Palos on March 15, 1493, and his letter to Luis de Santangel was printed as a folio of two leaves at Barcelona, where the court was then seated, probably some time in April. Of this, the first printed book relating to America, the New York Public Library owns the only known example. The quarto Spanish letter of four leaves, of which the unique

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original is preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan, was probably also printed in Spain, and perhaps during the month of April. The letter to Gabriel Sanchez, translated from a lost Spanish original into Latin by Alexander de Cosco, which went through several editions in 1493, could not have been printed until early in May. The heading says that it was "ab Hispano ideomate in latinum convertit: tertio Kal's Maij. M. cccc.xciij." The third calends of May was April 29. We may suppose that the Spanish letter, manuscript or printed, reached Rome the last days of April and that the translation was finished on the last day of that month. The Pope's "Bull" is dated at the end, "1493 quarto nonas Maij," or May 4. It seems certain, therefore, that the printed letter, Plannck's first edition, and the broadside "Bull" issued from the press within a very few days of each other. The "Bull" was printed entire, in both Latin and English in the first edition of the "Decades of the New World," edited by Richard Eden and published in London in 1555.

The other "first book" acquired by the John Carter Brown Library, is a little Peruvian pamphlet dealing with the reformation of the calendar, heretofore undescribed, and earlier by a month than any other book printed in Peru.

The important map of Virginia and Maryland, drawn by Augustin Hermann in 1670 and engraved and published in 1673, has been reproduced in facsimile by P. Lee Phillips of the Library of Congress. It accompanies an account of Hermann and his map and is published by W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington. Of the original map, engraved by Faithorne, only a single copy, preserved in the British Museum, is known. It was issued in four sheets, each 18⅞ by 15⅝ inches in size. It cost Hermann "to the value of about 200 pounds Sterling besides his own labour." He himself criticised the engraving as "slobbered over by the engraver faithorn defiling the prints with many Errours." The edition of the reproduction is limited to two hundred copies.

Wymberley Jones DeRenne of Savannah and Wormsloe, Georgia, has printed privately a catalogue of his books relating to the history of Georgia, the most important collection of its kind ever brought together. The volume, compiled by Oscar Wegelin, is a large quarto of nearly three hundred pages, with a number of reproductions of title pages of scarce books and pamphlets and a folding sheet containing a reproduction of the last page, with signatures, of the original engrossed Constitution of the Confederate States. The books are classified under many headings, such as Almanacs, Botany, Boundary Disputes, Colonial History of Georgia (where the earlier books are described), Histories of Georgia, Histories (of other States) relating to Georgia, etc. "The South Carolina and Georgia Almanack" for 1764, printed at Savannah by James Johnson, seems to be the first book or pamphlet printed in Georgia. Johnson had established his press in April, 1763, and had first printed a newspaper, the *Georgia Royal Gazette*.

Among the earlier books are three issues of Benjamin Martyn's "Reasons for Establishing the Colony of Georgia," 1733, and the same author's "Account Showing the Progress of the Colony of Georgia" (1741), Tailfer's "True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia" (1742), and Stephens's "Journal of the Proceedings of Georgia," 3 vols. (1842). The third volume of this set is especially rare, only two other copies being known.

Correspondence

THE PACIFIC OCEAN ASSOCIATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Taiheiyo Kyokwai and the Taiheiyo Kwai, the two associations for the study of all questions concerning the Pacific Ocean (is it their ambition to make Japan believe that her control of the Pacific will mean the first step of her control of the world?), which are on the tongue of every intelligent Japanese at present, were organized, to speak ironically, by Capt. Hobson and other anti-Japanese agitators in America; whereas Dr. K. Tomizu, Professor Terao, and many loud-voiced members of the Diet, those active Japanese workers of the associations, are only the endorsers. I believe that there would be no such associations in existence if there were no anti-Japanese spirit in America; here we see many Japanese who are thankful to Hobson and others who showed us the changed position of the Japanese on the Pacific, which was never so clear to their minds hitherto. Behind the words "the requirements of the times" I see the fact that we have decided to prepare, to put it bluntly, against America; however, that does not necessarily mean that there will be a war, in the future near or far, between us, America and Japan. Even if the former wishes to fight, I think that the latter will surely ask to be excused with many profound bows natural to them. In one word, Japan cannot go into war for many years to come.

But when I say that the said associations, indeed, with such an ironical name, are encouraging openly or secretly the immediate enlargement of the Japanese navy, I mean that there cannot be a creditable peace on the Pacific if our navy is far inferior to America's. If there is no way to make America stop her expansion, we might think we must work along the same programme even though there is no real sense or joy in it. It is fatalism that we must find a sort of pride or glory out of bankruptcy and ruin. But as the truth tells, we are the people who always find strangely a way out from impossibility; there is no bad effect on the Japanese mind arising from Fortune or the lack of it; did we not fight Russia with two or three riceballs apiece and a few slices of pickled radishes?

It is almost too late for Japan to speak of the changes of the times and the national position to-day, when the completion of the Panama Canal is a matter of not many years. We have joy in the fact realized, I dare say, that the course of the world's civilization is moving continually, though intermittently, westward; and our country lies really in its course. The civilization which found its centre in England in modern ages crossed the Atlantic Ocean, as some one says, and America became its actual holder. It might be too much to say that the next centre will be found in Japan, but was it not America who opened Japan's door to let the Western light flow in? There is reason to believe that the Indian civilization once imported to Japan did not prove to be the main stream, as it did not flow farther beyond the Pacific. Japan, who assimilated the civilizations of both India and China in olden times, and now takes in the Western civilization for her digestion, has one great object in life; that is to become a true mediator or harmonizer of those different civilizations of East and West. And such a work can be accomplished by preserving our Orientalism real and true; the American encroachment, spiritual as well as physical, is most necessary, since it will serve for us as the test of our strength. America will never be our enemy in the plebeian sense; if she be an enemy, that enemy should be welcomed with open arms. Competition is the very way of the nation's advancement; we have some reason to say that even risk is necessary for our existence. It is perhaps the American anti-Japanese spirit (happily not ended still to-day) that made us wise and reflective; under its menace our hold of soul and body will be a hundred times firmer. And on the other hand, Japan might do the same service to America.

We are thankful for the said associations for the study of the Pacific Ocean problem (thankful to Capt. Hobson and others?), that our people in general have awakened at once to the great importance of that question. I think that if the associations could make the government realize the navy expansion which they talk about almost freely, it would be the first step accomplished. However, I myself am not ready to say whether I endorse such action or not. YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, June 17.

JOHN WESLEY ON SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: John Wesley had a place among the opponents of slavery at a period when the public conscience was remarkably callous on that topic. His pamphlet, "Thoughts on Slavery," published in 1774, was reviewed in a very friendly spirit in the *Monthly Review* for September of that year. In the same number there is a severe criticism on "A Supplement to Mr. Wesley's Pamphlet," in which a pro-slavery advocate had tried to make fun out of a tragic subject (Vol. LI, pp. 234-237). In the October number there is an apologetic letter from a slaveowner (pp. 324-325), who, in the following number (p. 487), receives this sledgehammer blow:

To the Authors of the *Monthly Review:*
Rygate, November 30, 1774.

Gentlemen: I can easily believe what your correspondent affirms, that there are some slaveholders who have a little humanity left, and that the Georgian laws sell the blood of one slave only to each master, and prescribe the instruments wherewith he is to torture the rest.

What is still the general spirit of American slaveholders is observed in a letter from Philadelphia now before me: "As a farther instance of the inhumanity with which the poor negroes are treated, I will add two advertisements published in the public papers, one of Virginia, the other of North Carolina. From the Williamsburgh *Gazette:* 'Run away on the 10th instant a lusty negroe, named Bob. The said fellow is outlawed, and I will give ten pounds reward for his head severed from his body, and forty shillings if brought alive.'

"From one of the North Carolina news-

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papers: 'Ran away last November from the subscriber, a negroe fellow, named Zeb, aged thirty-six. As he is outlawed, I will pay twenty pounds currency to any person who shall produce his head severed from his body, and five pounds if brought home alive.' John Mosely."

I am, gentlemen, your very humble servant, John Wesley.

Such were the natural results of slavery.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, Eng., August 1.

THE LEGEND OF THE SOUL DISPOSSESSED BY A DEVIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reader of Dante will recall the powerful imagination of the poet in the thirty-third canto of the Inferno, where Branca d' Oria's soul is represented as suffering punishment in hell, although his body is still alive in the world above. Friar Alberigo thus acquaints Dante with the singular prerogative of the third division of the ninth circle (Ptolomæa), where traitors to their friends are punished:

"Such an advantage has this Ptolomæa,
That oftentimes the soul descendeth here
Sooner than Atropos in motion sets it.
. . . . . .
Know that as soon as any soul betrays
As I have done, his body by a demon
Is taken from him, who thereafter rules it,
Until his time has wholly been revolved.
Itself down rushes into such a cistern;
And still perchance above appears the body
Of yonder shade, that winters here behind me.
This thou shouldst know, if thou hast just come down:
It is Ser Branca d'Oria and many years
Have passed away since he was thus locked up."
"I think," said I to him, "thou dost deceive me
For Branca d'Oria is not dead as yet,
And eats and drinks, and sleeps, and puts on clothes."
(Longfellow, "Inferno," xxxiii, 124-141.)

The commentators think that Dante had in mind the two Scriptural passages: Psalms 54:16 (55:15) *"Descendant in infernum viventes,* and let them go down quick (living) into hell"; and St. John 13:27, *"Et post buccellam, tunc introivit in illum Satanas,* and after the sop Satan entered into him." Professor D'Ancona was, I believe, the first, in his "I Precursori di Dante" (Florence, 1874) to call attention to a story in Caesarius of Heisterbach's "Dialogus Miraculorum" (Dist. xii, cap. 3) which contains the same idea as Dante's lines cited above. I translate D'Ancona's words, p. 67, note 1:

We may fittingly note here that an example of the contrary case, that is, of a soul condemned in anticipation to the pains of hell, which seems a very bold invention of Dante in regard to Branca d'Oria was already to be found in Cæsarius (xii, 3), of Hermann the landgrave whose soul was "plunged in the depths of hell," and "who a full year before he was buried was dead, and an evil spirit instead of his soul animated his body," as a saint asserted in a vision to a priest who was praying for the powerful lord.

If D'Ancona had cited the whole of the story of Cæsarius it would not have been worth while to refer to the matter again, but he has omitted, I think, what makes it reasonably certain that Dante was acquainted with this particular story.

The belief in demoniacal possession is too old and general to dwell on here, but the notion that the soul could under certain circumstances be dispossessed of its body by a demon is not common, so far as I know, in mediæval legends. Indeed, I can at this moment recall but the two (three) in Cæsarius of Heisterbach. The first (Dist. xii, 3) is the one cited by D'Ancona, which runs as follows:

Not long ago the landgrave Hermann died. After his death, while a priest to whom he had shown many favors, was praying night and day with tears and groans to God for his soul, a certain saint appeared to him and said: "Why do you labor so for this man who has been damned? It does him no good, but rather harms him, for his soul is plunged in the depths of hell." The priest replying: "Lord, he showed me many favors," the saint rejoined: "Cease to pray for him, because a full year before he was buried he was dead and an evil spirit instead of his soul animated his body."

Then follows a passage not cited by D'Ancona. The stories in the "Dialogus Miraculorum" are told by a monk (the master of the novitiates) to a novitiate, who, in this particular case, after he has heard the story of Hermann, replies: "I did not think the human body could eat, drink, or sleep without the soul." Is not this almost exactly the words of Dante quoted above?

Cæsarius then proceeds to cite another similar story from the life of Saint Patrick, about a man who slew the saint's charioteer: "In whose body a devil dwelt for many years instead of his soul. When at the beck of the saint the devil came forth, the body fell into dust." This is the story of Foylge who slew Odranus, the charioteer of the saint, and is related *in extenso* in the Acta Sanctorum, March, Tom. II, p. 552, sections 63-64. There the soul is said to have been buried in hell as soon as it left the body. In closing the chapter Cæsarius remarks that he had heard a similar story from a monk who had formerly been a student at Bonn. Unfortunately he does not repeat the tale.

In the following (v) chapter Cæsarius tells a story of a cleric whose body was animated by a devil instead of his soul. This cleric had so sweet a voice that it was a delight to hear him sing. One day a certain monk happened by, and hearing him sing with his harp said: "That is not the voice of a man but of a devil," and while all wondered, he adjured the demon and he came forth, the body falling down and stinking. The novitiate remarks: "I don't doubt that the demons torture horribly in hell the souls of those whose bodies they thus mock in the present world."

The date of the composition of the "Dialogus Miraculorum" is fixed at 1223-1224 by Schönbach ("Studien zur Erzählungsliteratur des Mittelalters," Vierter Theil, p. 26), and the work undoubtedly enjoyed great popularity at once. How early it was known in Italy I do not know, but it is interesting to recall Rajna's discovery of a possible source of one of Boccaccio's stories in the "Dialogus Miraculorum." I allude to the article "La Novella Boccaccesca del Saladino e di Messer Torello" in the *Romania,* Vol VI (1877), pp. 359-368. Rajna does not give any data for the diffusion of Cæsarius's work in Italy in the thirteenth century, although he alludes to the later use of the work by the compilers of story-books for the use of preachers.

T. F. CRANE.

Ithaca, N. Y., August 12.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY IN GRADES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President W. T. Foster of Reed College, in his recent book, "The Administration of the College Curriculum," recommends the "credit-for-quality plan" for grading students, in conjunction with the "credit-for-quantity plan." The latter is almost universally in use; the former almost nowhere in use; a combination of the two—the obviously most nearly just system—is used in very few institutions. President Foster points out, also, the difficulty in administering the plan recommended, caused by the fact that "the same grade, as assigned by the various instructors even in the same institution, has various values."

For some years Beloit College has experimented with this combination plan. At present "the student's work is estimated in terms of hours and credits. An hour means class-work taken one hour each week for a semester. A credit is a measure of the quality of the work done. One hundred and twenty semester-hours are required for graduation. Forty-two credits are required for graduation." Credits are estimated as follows:

AA= one credit for each semester-hour completed.
A+= ⅞ credit for each semester-hour completed.
A= ¾ credit for each semester-hour completed.
B+= ⅝ credit for each semester-hour completed.
B= ½ credit for each semester-hour completed.
C+=⅜ credit for each semester-hour completed.
C= ¼ credit for each semester-hour completed.
D gives no credit, but passes the student.
F denotes failure, with privilege of reëxamination.
FF denotes complete failure.

(In justice to Beloit College, it should be stated that a simpler system of marking and crediting was adopted at its last faculty meeting.)

By this system a student who attains grade A for "highly commendable and extensive work" gets more credit than the man "who scrapes through on the gentlemen's grade," (C). Also, a student who attains grade AA in fourteen three-hour one-semester courses, or credit for forty-two AA's, fulfils the "quality requirement," but fails to fulfil the "quantity requirement"; the man who makes no grade higher than C, in order to fulfil the requirement, would have to receive one hundred and sixty-eight C's, which would necessitate the taking of fifty-six three-hour one-semester courses—a task impossible of accomplishment in four years' time. It can be seen that "an average standing of C+ is necessary to procure for students the forty-two credits required for graduation, on the basis of 120 semester-hours." Since degrees are granted only "on completion of a four years' course of study, covering not less than 120 semester-hours of work, on which at least forty-two credits have been earned," length of residence and the requirement for quantity and for quality are safeguarded. Honors also are conferred on the basis of credits.

This system, as it has been observed by professors long connected with the college, has seemed to raise the scholarship; it certainly has made life hard for such students as are inclined to rest satisfied with a mere passing mark in most of their work and to be indignant at reproof for not attaining a higher rank. This latter state of mind has disappeared. And yet, at almost every faculty meeting there crops out the fact that uniform grading is not attained. Plotted curves of departmental grades reveal the startling fact that one department is giving a large percentage of high grades, another no AA grades and per-

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haps many A's, a third largely B's; and so on. Constantly it is revealed that one professor persistently interprets his grades (A, B, C, etc.) in terms of percentage; another in terms of general excellence or lack of excellence, and so on. Any college that will investigate carefully the grading of its teachers will discover erratic individual methods and a woful lack of uniformity. It is, therefore, little to be wondered that several professors at Beloit College have desired to do away with the credit-for-quality plan. Still less is it to be wondered at that some colleges, Beloit among the number, are experimenting to discover the workableness of the scientific distribution of grades, as illustrated by the University of Missouri system.

At odds as the different gradings of the individual instructors may be, the difficulty, as President Foster points out, is not inherent in the plan—indeed, it lies in the administration of the plan, lies in the administration of all systems of grading. If this combination system, the quality plan coupled with the quantity plan, lifts the scholarship of the college, it ought to receive long and patient trial under careful and adequate administration.

HAROLD G. MERRIAM.

Chelmsford, Mass., August 10.

Literature

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life. By her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This is a charming book, about one of the most gracious and potent of American women. The kinship of the authors to the subject does not mar their work. Though affectionate, they are restrained and unobtrusive. They comment no more than is necessary to make the story continuous and intelligible, leaving Mrs. Stowe and her circle to record themselves in their conversation and letters. It is a beautiful account throughout of a loving daughter, sister, and wife, a careful mother of seven children, who in the intervals of her cares managed to write many books, among them several which influenced memorably the temper and history of her time.

Mrs. Stowe's mother was a sweet and strong woman. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a bowlder of the living rock. Her heredity could not have been better, nor was her environment less happy. The step-mother who in Harriet's early childhood took on herself the charge of the brood of eight was wise and loving. When her husband insisted on reading to the family Jonathan Edwards's "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," with fine dignity she rose and left the room, declaring she would not listen to such a libel upon the God she loved and adored. Harriet's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was the greatest preacher of his time, and other brothers were only less conspicuous than he. Her sister, Catherine, was perhaps even more brilliant than Mrs. Stowe herself, wanting only good luck to have become equally renowned. The poverty of her father's household was a wholesome atmosphere for the child. Her contacts from the first were with high-minded people, and she soon came into close touch with the best men and women in America and Europe. Mrs. Stowe grew famous while managing a large household greatly straitened, and did her writing while battling with perplexities in a way as amusing as it is heroic. Catherine writes:

"Come Harriet," said I, as I found her tending one baby and watching two others just able to walk, "where is that piece, for have it I must." "And how will you get it, sister mine. You will have to wait till I get thro' house-cleaning and the baby's teeth are through. There's a great baking down in the kitchen and a green girl for help. It's really out of the question." "I see no such thing. Set your wits to work." "Well, Minna, you may do what I told you, while I write a few minutes." "Here's the ink-stand on the top of the tea-kettle close-by." "Yes, yes," she said, falling into a muse as she attempted to recover the thread of her story. "Ma'am, shall I put the pork on top of the beans?" (from Minra), "Come, come, you see how it is. We must give it up for to-day." "No, let us have another trial, you dictate. Come, I'll set the baby in the clothes-basket. You left off here: 'Borne down by the tide of agony,' what next?" "Minna, pour a little milk into this pearl-ash." "Come," said I, "what next?" "Her lover wept with her. (Minna, roll that crust a little thinner.) He spoke in soothing tones. (Minna, poke the coals into the oven.) What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?" "Shall I put in the brown or the white bread?" said Minna. "Under the breaking of my heart I have borne up." "Ma'am, shall I put ginger in the pumpkin?" "But the breaking heart of a wife still pleads, a little longer, a little longer." How much longer must the ginger-bread stay in?" "Five minutes," said Harriet. "A little longer," I repeated in a dolorous tone, for now she was dictating. We burst out into a laugh. Thus we went on cooking, writing, dictating, nursing, and laughing. The piece was finished, copied, and sent.

Mrs. Stowe's own letters are entertaining, none more so, perhaps, than the one describing the presentation to her at Stafford House, the home of the Duchess of Sutherland, by Lord Shaftesbury, of an address from the women of England. Palmerston, Macaulay, Archbishop Whateley, the Duke of Argyll, and many more of the most distinguished people of England were present to do her honor. Her biographers contrast the incident with one that had taken place only a short time before, when Mrs. Stowe, making her way east with her little family, was stranded, poor and alone, at a small way station in the woods. Seated disconsolately on her trunk, with her children about her, she was sharply interrogated by the brusque station-agent. The contrasts of her life were, indeed, picturesque, but whether her surroundings were grave or gay, she encountered either fortune with complete poise and good-nature.

She was one of the most successful of authors, attaining world-wide fame, and commanding at last a constant stream of dollars by the simple movement of her pen. Her greatness was as a teacher and preacher rather than as an artist. The German critics say of Schiller, that he always *shines through* in what he writes; whereas the perfect artist holds a mirror up to nature, he himself remaining unrevealed. Mrs. Stowe notably "shines through" in her most famous work; and, although in her New England tales she approaches more nearly the artistic ideal, she always falls somewhat short. As an artist, no doubt, she was surpassed by her contemporary, Hawthorne. Lowell and Ruskin, letters from whom are given in this book, plainly show they felt Mrs. Stowe was here lacking, and Lowell deals with her candidly. A moral aim is a fine thing, he says, but the artist is a traitor who will postpone to that or any other thing the accurate reflection of nature. With small abatement, however, few of her time were more finely endowed than she in heart and head, or rendered a nobler service. We are fortunate to have in this book a portrayal of her so detailed, accurate, and properly sympathetic.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Glory of Clementina. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

To the reader who knows his Rhoda Broughton, his M. E. Braddon, and his "Duchess," Mr. Locke's latest novel will bring at almost every page delightful reminiscences of an age that is gone. When you have put down this smooth-running story, with its air of pretty culture, its condensed psychological excursuses, its easy indulgence in a Latin phrase that is not too unfamiliar or a bit of scholarship that is not too recondite, you may pick up a pencil and in five minutes jot down the reappearance of a dozen familiar friends: (1) The woman of genius who hides her wit and her beauty under a dowdy exterior until the dramatic moment when she decides to beat the ballroom butterflies at their own game; (2) the woman who thrusts her lover from her under the impulse of mistaken duty, and, repenting, goes to his chambers and finds him on the floor with a bullet through his head; (3) the great-hearted woman who loves a man much younger than herself and saves him by throwing him into the arms of a charming girl of approximately his own age; (4) the adven-

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turess who sets out to stalk and devour the dreamy, unworldly, scholar-philanthropist and succumbs to the power of goodness innate in her lamblike victim; (5) the elaborate dinner-party engineered by the dowdy heroine; having kept the company waiting for three-quarters of an hour she bursts in upon them, a phœnix, the unsuspected marvels of her neck and shoulders revealed in a five-hundred-dollar gown; (6) the dawn of romantic love in the presence of a Roman temple under a full moon; (7) the letter conceived in terms of extraordinary ardor which the anguished husband finds in a secret drawer and which turns out to have been addressed to another woman than his wife; (8) the fine old sea-dog of an admiral who despises women and is conquered and bound hand and foot by the heroine; (9) the little girl whom her father, before he dies of a lingering fever contracted in China, entrusts to the joint guardianship of the dowdy phœnix and the unworldly scholar; (10) the unworldly scholar who takes his new ward upon his awkward knee and tells her stories drawn from the field of his vast historic readings; (11) the two guardians who, as they watch the little girl play before the fire, determine to marry in order to give the child a real home; but also they have learned to love each other passionately; (12) the closing scene in which delicate but unmistakable allusion is made to the fact that the little girl by the fire will soon have a companion to play with. Thus within the compass of a single volume Mr. Locke has brought together most of the accepted formulas that underlie popular fiction. Actually he is concerned less with the glory of Clementina Wing than with the story of Ephraim Quixtus, who continues the succession of Marcus Ordeyne, Septimus, and Simon de Gex. The narrative has movement and sentiment; and there is wit, of course. There is mention of a toy lamb which, on being squeezed, sings the Jewel Song from "Faust." Mr. Locke refers to this animal as "the apocalyptic beast," for which much should be forgiven him.

The Human Chord. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Of such a fantastic romance it is perhaps not over-exacting to demand direct and vivid action and at least momentary plausibility. These requirements—fully met by Jules Verne, by H. G. Wells in his early work, and by others—are not sufficiently comprehended by Mr. Blackwood. He has the imaginative faculty highly developed, and he is evidently a thorough student of the ancient wisdom of the East. But he has written a rather uninteresting book. He starts with a detailed description of the introspective boyhood of Robert Spinrobin, who is gifted with peculiar sensitiveness to sound. Spinrobin is made to find employment as secretary to Philip Skale, a retired clergyman. Skale, of course, shares with Spinrobin his distinctive faculty. Furthermore, he is a student of the mystery of sounds and has acquired a magic control over them. He has learned the Unspeakable Name of Jehovah and aspires to gain divine power by causing the utterance, in proper psychic conditions, of the first four letters of the opening syllable. These letters, spoken each by a suitably pitched voice, are to release corresponding sounds which Skale has imprisoned in his lonely house among the bleak Welsh hills, and the union of the four is to result in his deification. The four agents of the great experiment are to be Skale, Spinrobin, Skale's deaf old housekeeper, and her beautiful young niece. Naturally, Spinrobin falls in love with the niece, and this eventually results in the tragic failure of Skale's enterprise. In order to fill a book with such a story numerous pages of hysterical theorizing on occult subjects have been added, hopelessly cumbering the action. Interest is retarded also by attempts, for the most part awkward and amateurish, at character study.

A Big Horse to Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This professes to be the autobiography of a professional dancer—the greatest dancer (need we say it?) of her age. She takes herself very seriously and expects her readers to do the same. To full five hundred pages she carries the story of her career, public and private. She is, we think, a trifle over-confident as to the compelling nature of her self-portraiture. To a large class of auditors the narrative will possess that adventitious charm which inheres in all confidences of royalty or stagedom. To hear, or to fancy that we hear, the real voice of one of these great ones, discoursing of that mysterious and disputed matter, her personal life, disarms one's judgment of the actual or intrinsic importance of that matter. Rose Carson is, by her own confession, an extremely beautiful as well as extremely famous woman. She is not commonplace, she is not vulgar. But she is rather a bore. We do not care enough for her to follow with enthusiasm the petty intricacies of her physical and moral experience. From beginning to end she is self-conscious, self-absorbed—too much to be in danger of serious lapses from the code of the world of which she fancies herself independent. Far from her the traditional joys of her kind—the late supper, the intrigue, the succession of casual amours. She must keep in condition, she must be true to her art. Against a pleasant kiss at a fit season, she has no prejudice—but nothing disturbing, thank you! At nineteen, she falls under the glamour of a summer holiday by the sea, and becomes engaged to a charming young man. She breaks off the engagement as soon as she meets his uncle, who seems to her so much bigger that it is folly for her to marry the nephew. Later on, she actually marries the uncle. He is a cool and complaisant person, and interferes not at all with her chosen work. After a while she falls in love with charming young man number two, in spite of the fact that, like charming young man number one, he is manifestly inferior to her husband. She leaves her husband, and frankly tells him why—a piece of news which seems to interest him, but enrages him not at all. The young man chances to be married to Rose Carson's dearest friend, but never mind. Rose Carson's dearest friend does not want him anyhow. She has just found her affinity in that fiery financier, Rose Carson's father. Here you have a pretty social pickle: Rose saves the day after a fashion, by deciding that though she loves the young man to distraction she does not want him for a husband: so she goes back to her long-suffering one, who welcomes her with satisfaction. It must not be thought that the lovely and distinguished Rose ever steps beyond a certain boundary of action. In fact, she is a conventional person. And the spectacle of a conventional person who is always dallying, though chiefly in her mind, with unconventionality, not to say impropriety, is a spectacle more familiar than exhilarating. The style of the narrative is a little pretentious, and—we do not think Rose Carson worth all this pother.

The Measure of a Man. A Tale of the Big Woods. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mr. Duncan prefaces this tale with a complaint that "Doctor Luke of the Labrador" was generally taken to be a fancy portrait of Dr. Grenfell, and with the explanation that the hero of "The Measure of a Man" is not the Rev. Francis E. Higgins of Minnesota. Personally, we should never have suspected it. We do not know the Rev. Francis E. Higgins of Minnesota; but John Fairmeadow has about as much the air of a photographic reproduction as Colonel Starbottle or the Virginian. He is the product of a vigorous but sentimental pen. Mr. Duncan writes with a good deal of picturesqueness and vividness of a somewhat old-fashioned order. Dickens is his master, as he was Bret Harte's. His "Gingerbread Jenkins" and "Plain Tom Hitch," products though they are supposed to be of American frontier life, are of the Gadshill pedigree. And in general, Mr. Duncan's way of staging and conducting his action is as far as possible from that of the man who takes a bit of real life and projects it on the printed page.

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John Fairmeadow is a reformed Yale athlete and drunkard who, at the very end of his tether, has strayed into Jerry McAuley's mission in New York, and been converted. Thereafter he sets out as a lay worker to find "the worst town this side of hell." When he gets to Swamp's End in the "big woods" of the Far West, he is assured by the denizens of that lively spot that he has "got there." He is elected pastor of Swamp's End, and at once becomes the most popular man in the region. This is due as much to his physical prowess as to his spiritual offices. He knocks out a few bad men, and so evidently enjoys the process as to win the respect of all beholders. He is welcome in all the camps and dives of a godless wilderness, and by degrees, here and there, picks up a soul, and leads it back to decency, at least. To his credit be it said, there are few sermons in his year's work. He gains his end by service. Rather incomprehensibly, it is understood that Fairmeadow and his parishioners are anxious that he should be regularly ordained. The circumstance is employed to the full in pointing a contrast between the breezy and unconventional worker among the lumberjacks and his prim and prosperous judges. Of course he wins them over by dint of slang and earnestness—the whole episode rather intrudes upon the action proper. For the rest, there is a lovely daughter of the backwoods (all Mr. Duncan's maidens are of exceeding loveliness) whom it is for Fairmeadow to befriend and finally to take to himself. The reader's enjoyment of this story will depend upon his liking for succulent but rather coarse fare.

PASTORAL SATIRE.

The Eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus. Edited with introduction and notes by Wilfred P. Mustard, Ph.D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

The poet Mantuan has not been so popular of late as in the days of Holofernes. After holding for two hundred years a high place among the authors regarded as essential to a liberal education, he continued to furnish standard quotations for some time, and then passed quietly into oblivion. His career has been that of such edifying writers as Theodulus, Dionysius Cato, Avianus, Alexander de Villa Dei, whom schoolboys in times past knew and dreaded, but of whose existence schoolboys today, and some teachers, are totally unaware. Mantuan may never be introduced into the schools again, but to the curious reader who knows that Neo-Latin poetry is not infrequently worth while, he can afford many delights. Mantuan was a most versatile thinker and writer; though a monk, and finally the general, of the Order of the Carmelites, he cherished all the interests of the humanists of his day. We can somewhat discount the extravagant eulogies which his contemporaries showered upon the second Virgil, but enough was accomplished by this *philosophus insignis, poeta et orator celeberrimus*, to justify the impression that he made upon his times. Posterity knew him for his eclogues, which are written in excellent verse and which made an admirable moral manual, a kind of "Vergilius Christianus," for the schools. The poems may likewise challenge the reader's attention to-day, since, in one respect, they mark an epoch in the history of the pastoral.

For Mantuan was the first to make moral satire of the Juvenalian type the controlling element in pastoral. Virgil, so Dryden inferred from the vigorous ribaldry of his disputing shepherds, might have excelled in satire had he chosen; bits of this pastoral abuse appear also in Calpurnius; Petrarch and Boccaccio included in their elaborate allegories a touch of the mediæval satire on the church; but the whole coloring of Mantuan's pastoral is satire, just as Virgil had transfused his with epic. Juvenal's very subjects are appropriated for different eclogues; there is a tirade against women, a lament over the scant rewards paid poets, a eulogy of rustic simplicity. This last theme suggests the familiar pastoral debate between country and town, but the spirit of the performance is altogether that of Juvenal's third satire. Mantuan shows great cleverness here and elsewhere in putting a theme from satire or from contemporary life into a setting appropriately pastoral; like Virgil, he both innovates and faithfully preserves the tradition. Nor is his satire altogether Juvenalian in tone. He has his moments of vehemence, as when, in the course of his invective on poor woman, he showers her with a succession of over fifty unpleasant adjectives and almost as many verbs; but he has moments of tenderness and gentle humor, too. In contrast to his general excoriation of woman are his really beautiful lines on the Virgin Mary, who persuades the shepherd of the blessings of the monastic life; she appears in a vision somewhat as Pleasure and Virtue appeared to urge their rival claims upon Hercules, save that the Nymph, as she is called, has the charm of the more agreeable abstraction. Finally, Mantuan has the ability to laugh gently at his own concerns, the dissensions in the Carmelite order; this quality allies him with the urbane Horace rather than with Juvenal.

We welcome a new edition of Mantuan after many years, and are grateful to the learned editor for providing us with one so satisfactory. The text, based on that of the first printed edition (Mantua, 1498), is followed by notes which are devoted chiefly to Mantuan's sources. The introduction gives an account, in which every sentence is the result of painstaking research, of Mantuan's life and works, and deals in great detail with the use of his eclogues in schools and his influence on his contemporaries and on later literature, particularly that of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are sections also on Mantuan's sources, his syntax, his metre, and his highly diversified vocabulary. The book is attractively printed, and though it contains a great deal, is small in compass. It ought to tempt not a few to take up Mantuan again.

Little Cities of Italy. By André Maurel. Translated by Helen Gerard. With a preface by Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Florence, Past and Present. By the Rev. J. Wood Brown. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

M. Maurel is one of those sparkling, epigrammatic writers who dazzle you for a few pages. Then you begin to consider whether his glittering generalizations are true; and you soon surmise that they have little more substance than showers of sky-rockets. He writes entertainingly, so that you go on reading to the end; but at bottom he has neither special knowledge nor a rationalized view of Italian art, history, or literature. His purpose is to have impressions, and he has them. He seems also to make a special effort to have them bizarre.

The places he epigrammatizes about are Florence, San Gimignano, Monte Oliveto, Pisa, Lucca, Prato, Pistoja, Arezzo, Lecco, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Mantua, and Arquà—a sufficiently varied list. Readers who have been to these towns will be reminded of this or that characteristic by M. Maurel's enthusiastic descriptions; but those who have not travelled will get only a fantastic idea. How much more Byron put into a stanza of "Childe Harold" than this Gallic rhapsodist can put into many pages! His book, indeed, would hardly command attention here, if it were not introduced by Guglielmo Ferrero's preface. This, when analyzed, proves to be the amiable letter which an acquaintance of great renown might write to a rising author. Signor Ferrero says all that he can that is pleasant, but adds, significantly: "As a historian, I should be tempted to seek a quarrel with you on several points."

And no wonder! M. Maurel's grasp on history is so slight that, to give only a single instance, he regards the union of Italy under a central government as a great mistake. He longs for the return to a multitude of petty states bound loosely together in a federation.

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Ferrari is the political philosopher he swears by. Now, Ferrari, it need hardly be said, was the last of the Federatists, whose cause was obsolete—though he was too dull to perceive it—long before he died. It would be no more unkind to disinter the plea of some forgotten politician, who in 1785 declared that the American Colonies ought never to be united, than for M. Maurel to disturb the well-earned oblivion of Ferrari. His generalizations about Guelfs and Gibellines (as these are called throughout the book) are equally erratic.

Mr. Brown's work is of a wholly different sort. It represents endless patient research, much meditation, and unusual ingenuity in suggesting hypotheses. Starting with Florentine life and folk customs to-day, he works back to their origin. To fix this, he goes to the very beginning, beyond prehistoric times to the geologic age when the Valley of the Arno was partly sea and partly lakes. So he traces where primitive men must have had their hunting grounds, then their rude settlements, and their trails from point to point. Gradually, Tuscany, as we know it, emerged; and, with the normal human development from brutes to savages and upward, occupations, besides hunting, appear. The river becomes the highway for primitive traffic, the spot we call Florence becomes a village and then a mart. And so, into historic times, to the days of Etruscans and of Romans, Mr. Brown traces the interaction between man and his environment on the Arno.

We find the story of great interest, and when Mr. Brown takes up ancient or prehistoric survivals in the Florence of to-day we can but admire the keenness of his scent for links of evidence. His chapter on charms and amulets assembles a mass of facts, well coördinated, of which every sojourner in Italy has had partial glimpses. So his study of "Ceppo"—the Yule-log—and of "Befana"—the Twelfth Night doll—transports us to earliest Latin customs and shows their resemblance to similar customs in Greece and Asia Minor. His analysis of a Tuscan harness, with its bells and tassels, its bits of mirror and horn, takes us far back to pagan superstitions, because each of these decorations was originally a charm against the evil eye and other dreaded enemies. In like fashion, Mr. Brown shows how mid-Lent and Easter observance, the mid-summer grasshopper, and the September fêtes have their roots in remote Italic days. In general, paganism still survives in rites and customs over which the Church has spread a thin veneer. It early learned that it was easier and more discreet to give these ancient racial superstitions an apparent Christian pertinence than to attempt to eradicate them.

Folk-lorists may dispute Mr. Brown's interpretations in this or that detail, but in the main they will agree, we believe, that he is sound. Such a matter as the *nth* language, for example, seems to us still too vague to justify basing many conclusions upon it. The fact that the Greek island Zacynthus, the Tuscan village Borgunto, and the Spanish city Saguntum have a consonantal sound in common does not warrant us in feeling sure, even with such other shreds of plausibility as have been collected, in concluding that they sprang from one people. The archæologist of A. D. 3000 who argues that Paris, Maine, must have been founded by colonists from Paris, France, may be able to convince the learned of that time, but will he be right? Mr. Brown, it must be said, does not press this *nth* theory to an extreme, but distinguishes throughout between what is fairly well proved and what is conjectured. His book should appeal to many readers besides specialists. Like M. Maurel's, it abounds in excellent illustrations.

The Cruise of the Snark. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is Mr. London's account of that much-advertised journey in a sailing-yacht across the Pacific, which was to have been a journey round the world. The different chapters in it are, if we understand the matter, reprinted articles written during the voyage. The letter-press is upon a glazed paper, to accommodate the numerous if not striking photographs. The author protests, to begin with, that the voyage was undertaken for fun and not for profit; that his expenses were not paid by any magazine, and that the newspaper reports of his adventures are altogether without foundation. The "Snark," upon which he spent thirty thousand dollars, was a forty-three-foot ketch-rigged craft, with leaky compartments, a seventy-horsepower auxiliary engine that never worked, a launch engine ditto, and a total unwillingness to heave to in a blow. But she was a good sailer, on the whole, and the troubles of the adventure were chiefly incident to the attempt of white men from the North to cope with a Southern climate and Southern diseases. No one on board knew anything of navigation when the "Snark" left San Francisco for Hawaii. They had no difficulty in getting it up on board, and made their port without mishap. The experience of the party in the Sandwich Islands seems to have been the one agreeable phase of their journey. Thereafter they one by one fell a prey to fever and to various unseemly native diseases. In the Solomons, all on board were more or less disabled by one or more complaints indigenous to that cheerful group. We do not learn why the "Snark" did not turn its back with all possible expedition and make for some healthier shore. It did not: the party remained in the region of the Solomons month after month, till, a victim of "yaws" (a malignant ulcer, peculiar to the South Seas), of a horrible swelling of the extremities due to the effects of tropical light on a Northerner, and, last, but not least, of a form of leprosy, Mr. London was constrained to shape his course for an Australian hospital. There he remained for a long time—until it became clear that he must get back to his natural climate. Nevertheless, he insists that the voyage was enjoyable, and calls to witness "the woman who made it from beginning to end." "In hospital, when I broke the news to Charmian that I must go back to California, the tears welled into her eyes. For two days, she was wrecked and broken by the knowledge that the happy, happy voyage was abandoned." It is a pity that the joyfulness of the voyage is not communicated to the reader; from such evidence as the narrative affords, we should say that Mrs. London is easily pleased.

Notes

The Massachusetts Historical Society will publish the first volume of the "Diary of Cotton Mather, 1681-1708," together with many hitherto unpublished letters by Mather. It forms an octavo volume of 604 pages, with heliotype reproductions of Peter Pelham's mezzotint of his portrait of Cotton Mather, and a page of manuscript diary. The second volume, completing the work, will be published in the coming winter.

John Murphy Company of Baltimore announces a "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," by Allen S. Will.

"In the Shadow of Islam," a story by Demetra Vaka which Houghton Mifflin Company announces, has for hero the leader in the Young Turk movement; the heroine is an American college girl.

George Gibbs has completed a new novel, entitled "The Forbidden Way," which the Appletons will issue.

Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn fiction will include "Havoc," a story of international intrigue, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "When Woman Proposes," by Anne Warner; "The Road," a tale of railway building in the Balkans, by Frank Savile; "The Lotus Lantern," the romance of a Geisha girl, by Mary Imlay Taylor and Martin Sabine; "At Good Old Siwash," college tales, by George Fitch, and "Across the Latitudes," stories of the sea, by John Fleming Wilson.

This house also announces: "Some Aspects of Thackeray," by Lewis Melville; the first five volumes in a new series of masterpieces of literature, called the Burlington Library—"Cranford," with 24 illustrations in color, by Evelyn Paul, "The Vicar of Wakefield," with 24 illustrations in color, by Margaret Jameson, "The Essays of Elia," with 24 illustrations in color, by

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Sybil Tawse, "A Tale of Two Cities," with 24 illustrations in color, by Sep. E. Scott, and "Of the Imitation of Christ," with 24 colored reproductions from the old masters —"The Brownings: Their Life and Art," by Lilian Whiting, and "Goethe and His Woman Friends," by Mary Caroline Crawford.

Among the announcements by Cassell & Co. of forthcoming books, we note: Handsome editions of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Master of Ballantrae"; "Warships and Their Story," by R. A. Fletcher; "Joan of the Tower," a novel, by Warwick Deeping, and "How Men Fly," by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

Frederick Townsend Martin's satirical account of New York society, "The Passing of the Idle Rich," is to be issued in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Perceval Gibbon is publishing, through the Century Company, "Flower o' the Peach," a story dealing with the race question in South Africa. The same firm has in hand "The Blind Who See," a novel by Marie Louise Van Saanen (Goetchius).

The *English Review* for August contains "Androgynism; or, Woman Playing at Man," from the unpublished manuscript of Charles Reade.

Another abridgment of "Malory's King Arthur and His Knights" has been made by Henry Burrowes Lathrop, and published in an illustrated volume by the Baker & Taylor Co. Mr. Lathrop's aim has been, by omission of irrelevant episodes, to present the main story in consecutive form. The language is largely modernized, and an occasional obsolete word, retained for the sake of quaintness, is followed by its modern equivalent in brackets.

The Home University Library is the name chosen by Henry Holt & Co. for an elaborate series of volumes on every department of human knowledge. Some twenty volumes have already appeared, and eighty more are in preparation or planned. The books are to be sold at seventy-five cents apiece, and come bound in neat brown cloth. The type is large and clear and the page is very attractive. The series is to consist entirely of new books written specially for the Home University Library. In their first score of volumes the editors, comprising Profs. Gilbert Murray and Herbert Fisher of Oxford, J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen, and William T. Brewster of Columbia University, have cast their nets wide. We get a volume on Evolution by Professors Thomson and Geddes, one on Shakespeare by John Masefield, on the Opening up of Africa by Sir H. H. Johnston, on Mediæval Europe by H. W. C. Davis, on the Socialist Movement by J. Ramsay Macdonald, on the French Revolution by Hilaire Belloc, on Mathematics by A. N. Whitehead. The list of authoritative names does not stand exhausted.

An examination of the four volumes dealing with Socialism, Shakespeare, the French Revolution, and Evolution, makes it very evident that the editors of the Home University Library intend to ride with a loose rein. Having chosen their specialist, he is given leave to say pretty nearly what he pleases. And probably for an undertaking of so popular a character the scheme is the most feasible one. It gives the personal touch to the text which a series of rigidly edited monographs would lack. Thus the volume on Evolution might have been written, here and there, in less technical terms, but it is written with a verve and fancy that carry the reader on. Mr. Macdonald's book on Socialism expounds Mr. Macdonald's kind of Socialism. The Germans would laugh at the curt way in which the leader of the English Labor party dismisses Karl Marx and his fundamental theories. But if an elementary textbook arouses controversy it has already done much to accomplish its purpose. In Mr. Masefield's volume the personal element gets out of hand. What we have is a topical summary of the Shakespeare plays one by one, followed by a few pages of lyrical but somewhat random appreciation. These examples will illustrate the merits and defects of an undertaking that seems exceedingly worth while.

As a rest cure, Frederick Martyn, the author of "A Holiday in Gaol" (Macmillan), recommends a term at hard labor in an English prison. By what on his own showing was chiefly bad luck and perversion of justice, he was sent to Wormwood Scrubs prison, near London, for borrowing money under false pretences. There he made the best of it, and set himself to reading and wide observation of prison life. The prisoners he found easy and rather agreeable comrades, old offenders being notably companionable. The warders were by no means bad fellows. Possibly the most interesting part of the book is its exposure of the shifts by which prison discipline may be lightened or avoided. It does not heighten one's respect for British justice to learn that a prisoner unrepresented by counsel may be condemned on a charge which he hears for the first time in the courtroom itself. Mr. Martyn tells a plain tale spiritedly and with humor, and will be read with interest by all whose curiosity tends prisonwards.

There has been, within the last twenty years, something of an Immermann revival in German literature. Heine, who was capricious in his friendships, both personal and literary, remained true to Immermann, and his exaggerated estimate of that writer's powers has had a share in influencing literary criticism in favor of the many-sided, if not brilliant, author of the "Epigonen." Of all his work, this novel, an imitation of "Wilhelm Meister," full of interesting literary reminiscences, is alone likely to retain its hold on German readers. Dr. Allen Wilson Porterfield has undertaken to trace Immermann's connection with the romantic movement, for the benefit of English students ("Karl Liebrecht Immermann: A Study in German Romanticism"; The Columbia University Press); and if Immermann cannot be said to live again in these pages, the author has at least produced a scholarly and meritorious monograph. Unfortunately, as in the case of so many dissertations of youthful Ph.D.'s, there is buried within this a prodigious amount of largely superfluous erudition. Not even the professional philologist can care for an alphabetized list of archaic words and romantic terms culled from Immermann. Nor is the main thesis clearly worked out. On Dr. Porterfield's own showing, it is impossible to "determine" (as he set out to do) Immermann's exact relation to romanticism, for the more closely he is examined the more of a realist he appears. The "Epigonen" shows us "how real people live and love." The peasant-story "Oberhof" is called "realistic, without a thread of the supernatural." The theme of "Andreas Hofer," Immermann's most popular drama, is "dignified realism," and in the satiric part of "Münchhausen," we find "those unrealities and misconceived realities that encumbered German life and literature from 1830 to 1840 parodically (*sic*) paraphrased." In fact, Immermann "hated Schwärmerei." Of course, like every true German, he had a streak of romanticism in his composition, but after all of Dr. Porterfield's stalwart attempts to define its exact proportions, he and his readers are glad to take refuge in the final summing up: "As an adopted citizen of the romantic republic, he was at times a loyalist, at times a malcontent, and at times a rebel." It is to be hoped that in the subsequent pursuit of literary subjects the author will discard certain eccentricities of style, such as "applausable drama" and "abnegative life." Careful proofreading would have avoided blemishes like "Freidrich II;" "Theatre Francais," "Knabenwunderhorn" (one word), "Klagefurt," "Romantichnik," etc., and would also have eliminated from the circle of "literary figures" of Immermann's time the names of Dannecker, Metternich, Rauch, and Schinkel.

A useful book of reference is the "Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Terms" (Lippincott), compiled by John S. Bumpus, honorary librarian of S. Michael's College, Tenbury. The sub-title explains the work as "a history and explanation of certain terms used in architecture, ecclesiology, liturgiology, music, ritual, cathedral constitution, etc."

"The Dominion of Canada" (Little, Brown), by W. L. Griffith, is the most comprehensive one-volume book that has yet been written on that country. It begins with the discovery of Newfoundland in 1497 and comes down to the debates on reciprocity in the House of Commons in the session of Parliament that came abruptly to an end on the 29th of July. There are thirty-eight chapters concerned with as many episodes of Canadian history or aspects of contemporary life. If, however, the chapter on The Prairie Provinces, and that on Labor Organization, Labor Representation, and Labor Legislation are excepted, there is scarcely one in which Mr. Griffith adds anything that is new. The chapters on The Constitution, on Parliament, and The Cabinet are scrappy and inadequate and characterized by looseness of statement. Much the same inexactness marks that part of the chapter on The Manufactures of Canada which is concerned with the iron and steel industry. Mr. Griffith's history of the preferential tariff for Great Britain, brief as it is, is incorrect and misleading. It contains no mention of the curtailment of the preference in 1904, nor of the many curtailments at the revision of the tariff in 1907. The book is marked by extremely slovenly proofreading; and in a word, while Mr. Griffith has attempted an ambitious book, he has not succeeded in producing one which will displace a single book on nineteenth-century Canada that was in existence when he began his task.

"Der aufsteigende Halbmond," with the

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sub-title "Beiträge zur türkischen Renaissance," and seventy illustrations and two charts (Berlin: Buchverlag der Hilfe), by Ernst Jäckh, supports the thesis that Germany and Turkey should coöperate in the development of the East. The author witnessed the Turkish revolution in July, 1908, in Smyrna and in Constantinople, and because of a long residence in Turkey has had opportunity to obtain rare information on such subjects as the Anatolian railway, the ideals of the Young Turks, and their relation to modern Occidental ideals. Mr. Jäckh's enthusiasm makes him ignore the ultra-conservative spirit of Islam, and the reactionary forces yet found in the Beduins, the Kurds, and kindred spirits.

Under the title of "Disturbing Elements in the Study and Teaching of Political Economy" (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press), Dr. James Bonar publishes the substance of five lectures delivered last year before the economic seminary at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Bonar points out that the lectures concern themselves, not with economic error in general, but with "the more subtle fallacies which are apt to invade the reasoning of trained economists in spite of learning and discipline." Naturally, the criticism is mainly destructive, but there is much keen observation, particularly in the first lecture, where a dissection of the familiar "liberty, equality, fraternity" is made to illustrate the dangers of a popular political philosophy; and in the third, where the mistaken popular aversion to either economic or political theory is skilfully handled.

The oldest and largest university in the world is El-Azhar at Cairo, we learn from an article in the *East and West* for July, by the Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner, joint editor of the *Orient and Occident*, a weekly magazine published in that city in Arabic and English. Founded in 975, it has been from the start a national institution, the Khedive being the rector. The minimum age of entrance is fifteen, and the applicant must know half the Koran by heart, if blind the whole Koran, and be able to read and write. The curriculum consists of virtually nothing but theology and canon law, the final examinations fifteen years after matriculation being upon these, together with traditions of the Prophet, grammar, etymology, rhetoric, and logic. It is the same instruction which has prevailed for centuries, and one who goes into the great court where the circles of students are sitting at the feet of their Gamaliels, looks upon a scene preserved from the middle ages, "a perfect specimen, living, breathing, and entire." The commonly accepted "Azhar myth," that on account of its large number of foreign students the institution is "the greatest missionary college in the world," is shown not to be founded on facts. Out of the more than 16,000 students in this and the affiliated colleges, 95 per cent. are Egyptians, and become small shopkeepers or "sheikhs of the village mosque, conducting the village school, and constituting the village bureau for legal information concerning person or property, and for pious gossip about the little theological riders that have interested thirteen centuries of professional or amateur Moslem theologians." The comparatively few foreign students, 661 in 1906, come from lands where Islam has exclusive possession.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, a writer of songs and poems, died last week at her home in Tuckahoe, N. Y., in her seventy-ninth year.

Philippe Monnier, a versatile writer who died recently, was born in Geneva in 1864. Poet, novelist, and author of an autobiographical volume, entitled "Le Livre de Pascal," he distinguished himself chiefly by essays on Italian subjects. "Le Quattrocento" and "Venise au dix-huitième siècle" were crowned by the Academy.

Heinrich von Poschinger, the noted political writer and the author of many works on the life of Bismarck, died in Berlin just a week ago. He was born in Munich in 1845.

The death is reported of Francis Paget, since 1901 bishop of Oxford. He was the author of several books, among them "The Redemption of Work," "The Spirit of Discipline," and "Studies in the Christian Character."

Science

The Diamond. By W. R. Cattelle. New York: John Lane Co. $2 net.

The present work aims to give a comprehensive view of the mining and marketing of diamonds, besides a study of the historic specimens, and the place occupied by the gem in literature and legend. The description of diamond-mining in India, Brazil, and Africa is full and satisfactory, and considerable information is imparted in regard to the less important occurrences of the stone in many other parts of the world. As a popular exposition this portion of the book is worthy of commendation.

Of the diamond trade the author has much that is interesting to say, and offers many shrewd observations and some practical hints touching the matter of selection. The growth and development of the diamond trade and the astonishing proportions it has attained since the discovery of the African mines are treated at considerable length, and, in the main, with accuracy and judgment.

The chapters devoted to celebrated and historic diamonds are less satisfactory than the rest of the book. This is in part due to the fact that too much is attempted within a restricted space. The result of this method, or lack of method, is shown in the case of the Orloff diamond (pp. 67-69). The existence of two or more versions of the history of this stone has led to the assumption that *two* diamonds of exceptionally large size and approximately the same value were bought by Count Orloff or by the Russian Government in 1776 and 1791. It is true that Streeter also interprets the tradition in a similar way; but it is a pure assumption. Of the Sancy diamond we are told (p. 78) that there are but two things upon which writers agree, viz., that the first known owner was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and that later it came into the possession of Nicholas de Barly (*sic*), Baron de Sancy, after whom it was named. Only the second part of this statement is exact. Nicholas Harley de Sancy certainly owned the diamond, but there is absolutely no evidence to prove that it ever belonged to Duke Charles. There is, however, little doubt that at the time when James I of England bought the Sancy he already had in his possession the diamond of Charles the Bold, which had been acquired in 1547 by Henry VIII, and was duly entered in the inventory of the crown jewels made shortly after the accession of James I to the English throne. William Waldorf Astor paid £14,000 for the Sancy. This diamond appears in the French inventory of 1791, but not under the name Sancy; it formed part of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The 33¾-carat diamond, called the Sancy in the inventory, and sometimes known as "the little Sancy," was also at one time in the possession of Harley de Sancy. The description of the Tiffany yellow diamond (pp. 93-94) does not give the weight, 125⅜ carats. As regards weight, it should be noticed that the carat of 205.5 milligrammes is equivalent to 3.171 grains, instead of 3.174 grains, as stated by Mr. Cattelle on p. 333. Four grains avoirdupois exactly equal four grains troy, hence the carat of 205.5 milligrammes cannot be equal to "four grains avoirdupois." Probably the origin of Mr. Cattelle's error, which has been made before, is to be found in the fact that four of the old French grains of the *poids de marc* equalled 3.278 grains troy, only a trifle more than the 205.5 milligramme carat. The English carat is .2053 grammes, equal to 3.168168+ grains avoirdupois. The new international carat, now authorized in many European countries, is only 200 milligrammes.

In conclusion, we may remark that some items and a few names noted in the text have been omitted in the index.

The early history of British Guiana is the subject of an article in the *Geographical Journal* for July by J. A. J. de Villiers, in which he shows the remarkable activity of the Dutch explorers and traders in the eighteenth century. A striking personality was Storm van 'sGravesande, governor for thirty-four years, whose dispatches, containing quotations from Horace and Virgil, Shakespeare and Molière, "would fill twenty-one volumes of three hundred octavo pages each." A selection from them has been published by the Hakluyt Society. In an account of the flowing wells of Central Australia, which are used, not for irrigation, but for supplying water and food for travelling stock, Prof. J. W. Gregory advocates strongly and convincingly the theory that their origin is not from rainfall, but from a "plutonic or deep-seated source; and that the ascent of the water is not due to the simple principle that

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water will find its own level, but arises from more complex causes, including rock-pressure and gas-pressure produced by the heat of the plutonic water." Hence it is in danger of being exhausted if continuous outflow is permitted. In Major L. Darwin's presidential address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society the statement is made that the geographical work of the future will not be pioneer explorations, but the detailed examination of small areas, and that the aim will be to do systematic, scientific, and thorough work for the advantage of mankind. At the annual dinner, the new president, Lord Curzon, referred to Peary as having planted the flag of the United States upon the North Pole and annexed to that country—"I will not say a new continent, because it is reported to be of a somewhat unstable and precarious description, but a heritage of everlasting fame." The cosmopolitan character of the society is shown by the fact that its principal medals this year were given to a Russian, Col. Kozloff, for his Central Asian researches, and a Frenchman, Dr. Charcot, for his Antarctic explorations.

Chemists have commonly appeared before the public in an unfavorable light, owing to the fact that manufacturers have often suborned their services. But the volume edited by Charles Baskerville, entitled "Municipal Chemistry," a series of thirty lectures by experts on the application of the principles of chemistry to the city, delivered at the College of the City of New York (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.), shows in how many ways chemists may come to the aid and defence of the community instead of inventing ingenious means of cheating. The volume will be of value to any one interested in municipal economy, for it presents in popular style modern scientific views of the various phases of public sanitation. The pictures are numerous and appropriate, though poorly printed. The examples are mostly taken from experience had in New York, but the principles and information given may be applied to any city or town. There are chapters on the water supply; milk and dairy inspection, by ex-Commissioner Darlington; food adulteration, by Dr. H. W. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture; the adulteration of drugs and the insidious employment of habit-forming agents; the questions of street cleaning and sewage disposal; gas, smoke, and ventilation; textiles, explosives, paint, and concrete; and parks and playgrounds, a topic not ordinarily embraced in the science of chemistry.

In the second edition of his work, "The Art of Revolver Shooting" (Putnam), first published in 1901, Walter Winans has brought the subject up to date, has made the book something more than mere instructions for beginners, and has added a chapter on automatic and duelling pistols. He is undoubtedly right when he says that those who take up pistol and revolver shooting will never regret it, and that it teaches self-reliance, coolness, and the control of one's temper; but when he condemns such sports as cricket, tennis, and golf as useless, and calls for the substitution of shooting, hunting, swimming, and polo, he lets his predilection run away with his judgment. After telling of his experiences in his early youth as a shot, and saying that he became a pistol shot because he was forbidden by his parents to handle firearms, he deals in an interesting way with the evolution of the revolver from the old flint-lock pistol. His advice regarding the selection of a pistol is good, and his instructions on practice are clear. Several chapters are devoted to the competitions at Bisley and there are some good illustrative targets. The chapter on shooting in self-defence is frankly brutal.

Ernest Jules Pierre Mercadier, director since 1881 of studies at the École polytechnique, is dead at Paris, aged seventy-five. He was the inventor of the multiple telegraph, and was the director of telegraphs during the siege of Paris. He wrote numerous treatises on his subject.

Drama

Three Plays by Brieux. With preface by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

The professed foe of all conventionalism, conventional as he is himself in many of his ideas and literary methods, it is only natural that Bernard Shaw should be an enthusiastic admirer of the French dramatist Brieux, one of the most uncompromising of modern realists. With his accustomed recklessness, he does not hesitate, in his introductory preface, to compare the latter with Shakespeare and Molière, with neither of whom he has much in common, except a certain intrepidity of utterance. This quality Mr. Shaw, witness his so-called unpleasant plays, shares with Brieux, as well as certain social theories, but in other respects there is vast difference between the two writers. Far less brilliant in witty paradox or humorous sophistry than Mr. Shaw, Brieux impresses the thoughtful reader with his substantial knowledge of the subject which he is treating, his profound appreciation of the enormity of the abuses which he assails, and the sincerity of the indignation which prompts his attack. He does not expose himself to the suspicion of seeking notoriety for the sake of profit by the means of cheap sensationalism, although, in his zeal to demonstrate his case, he is often guilty of some of the most flagrant tricks of the sensationalist, such as violent exaggeration, illogical deduction of general results from specific instances, the excessive use of coincidence, and the employment of unnecessary grossness, both of speech and incident. Not all the realities of life are admissible in literature or art.

Of the three plays in this volume, "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," and "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés"), all dealing with the conjugal and other relations of the sexes, the second, already produced in New York in slightly modified form, is not only the truest as an actual study of daily life, but the only one that is practical for theatrical purposes. However untrustworthy it may be as a pretended reflection of general domestic conditions in France, there can be no doubt that it is a credible picture of possible evils arising from a matrimonial system offering peculiar opportunities and temptations to avaricious and unprincipled persons. It is a skilful exhibition of character through the medium of dramatic action, and is a real and interesting, if sordid, comedy. All the personages are thoroughly alive, from the shameless parents who strive to cheat each other in the matter of marriage settlements, to the wretched daughter, who, deprived by her libertine husband of the right of that motherhood to which she has looked forward as her sole compensation, is driven into the arms of an illegitimate lover. It need not be disputed that the play is a sincere and powerful assault upon evils of a more or less common and most demoralizing kind, but the premises from which it proceeds are by no means universal, and the implication that (French) marriage is but a legalized form of prostitution is, of course, wholly unjustifiable. But no one who is at all familiar with the subject will deny that Brieux's fiction is founded on fact. His subject matter, indeed, has been the common property of novelists and dramatists for many years, but he is one of the first to try to set some of its most repulsive features in the glare of the footlights.

It is this attempt on his part that constitutes his most transcendent virtue in the eyes of Mr. Shaw, who seems to regard all reverence for the ordinary proprieties of life in stage representation as a proof of arrant stupidity. He holds that sexual matters of such vast import to humanity at large as are treated of with power, knowledge, and ability in Brieux's "Maternité" and "Les Avariés" should be proclaimed from the housetops. Unquestionably they ought to have all the publicity possible among adults capable of giving them intelligent consideration, and it is long since there has been any conspiracy of silence concerning them. The dissemination of knowledge concerning them in every variety of printed and spoken instruction and advice has been going on for generations. There are few topics in which mankind in the mass are better informed. But the theatre would be no place for discussions of this kind, even if M. Brieux had anything new to tell, which he has not. In writing for the theatre he, like Mr. Shaw, appears to overlook the fact that the effect of a play often depends not so much upon its own character as upon that of the audience. A play may easily be productive of indecent suggestion without being itself purposely indecent either in motive or incident. "Ma-

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ternité" has some good qualities, emotional and dramatic, together with a considerable admixture of clap-trap. It points out, with some fine passages of fiery scorn, the indignities, the abuses, and the cruelties to which many suffering and powerless women are subjected by male tyrants with the tacit approval of existing laws and customs. On the printed page it is a moving, able, and arresting protest, although much of it is in the nature of special pleading. In the theatre it would simply be an appeal, possibly an exceedingly profitable appeal, to the lovers of morbid sensation. As for "Les Avariés," that, as has been said in Paris, is too much in the nature of a medical treatise to be of any value in the theatre. Moreover, the truth and significance of the lesson which it undoubtedly inculcates are nullified by the crude sensationalism of the details. Of the English versions of the plays that of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," by St. John Hankin, is the best.

In addition to playing in Rostand's "Lady of Dreams," on October 23, Mme. Simon will be seen in "The Thief" and "The Whirlwind," both written for her by Henri Bernstein; she will use the English language. The Irish Players will make their first appearance in September at the new Plymouth Theatre in Boston, and will come to New York later in the season.

Louis N. Parker has about completed a new play for Viola Allen, in which Lady Godiva is the central figure.

Margaret Anglin will begin her New York season in "Green Stockings," and in midwinter will be seen in Israel Zangwill's "The Next Religion," while she will also make matinée productions of classical plays at the Century Theatre.

Among the attractions for the season announced by Lee Shubert is George Bernard Shaw's new play, "Fanny's First Play." "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be played by a Scotch company from The Playhouse, London. The production of "Œdipus Rex" by Martin Harvey at Covent Garden, in London, will be brought over in its entirety to the Manhattan Opera House after its London run. Among the French plays procured are "Aime des Femmes," by MM. Hennequin and Mitchell, which has had a great success in Paris, and "Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin," which has made a sensation at the Châtelet Theatre.

George Broadhurst's drama, "The Price," in which Helen Ware will be the star, will open at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston on September 4, and will come to New York in October.

James K. Hackett will begin his season at Rochester on September 7, in Louis Edward Shipman's dramatization of David Graham Phillips's "The Grain of Dust," the author's last novel.

Gustav Amberg will assume the management of the Irving Place Theatre on October 1, and the operetta, "Die Schöne Helena," by Jacques Offenbach, will be sung in German on the opening night, as it was originally produced at the Artists' Theatre in Munich.

Music

It is reported that Paderewski has been engaged for the season 1912-1913 to give eighty recitals in the United States.

Carillon music is receiving much attention just now in England.

According to the eminent English conductor, Landon Ronald, each year seems to see a decrease in the number of concert-goers in London. He is, however, optimistic enough to believe that this is due solely to the pernicious habit of giving away free tickets. He is convinced that if no such tickets were given away at all, "before two years passed by, the ranks of paying concert-goers would be swelled to such a size that gradually we should boast of having a musical public of large dimensions who pay to go to concerts."

One-half of the Opéra Comique Company of Paris has gone to South America, where performances will be given till the autumn. Rehearsals were held on shipboard.

When Grieg returned to Norway, after studying at the Leipzig Conservatory, there was some danger of his continuing to compose (like the Danish Gade) in the German style. From this he was rescued by his young friend, Richard Nordraak, who was a great enthusiast for Norwegian folk-music, and who increased in Grieg the interest in national Norse music which Ole Bull had already aroused to some extent in his youth. For this service to national art, in all probability, rather than because of any merits of his own compositions (he died very young), a monument is to be erected to Nordraak in Christiania. While acknowledging his influence on Grieg, one must nevertheless bear in mind that Grieg's music is intensely individual and original. Among his many delightful songs not one has a borrowed melody, and of his piano pieces only those are folk-tunes which are distinctly marked as such, and printed in separate collections. The dozens of piano pieces ("Lyrische Stücke" and others) are as original as the songs.

Strauss came next to Wagner as an operatic favorite in Vienna last season, but it happened to be Johann Strauss, not Richard! The Viennese think so highly of the waltz king's operettas that they produce them at their Imperial Opera with the same care as grand operas, and with grand opera singers. The result is that "The Gypsy Baron" was thus given last season nineteen times, "Cinderella" eight times, and the "Fledermaus" five times, making altogether thirty-two. Wagner's operas were sung sixty-four times. Richard Strauss's operas were heard twenty-six times—the "Rosenkavalier" eighteen times, "Elektra" eight times. Altogether, sixty different operas by fifty-four composers had 294 performances, and besides these there were fifteen different ballets, which were represented ninety-one times at the same house.

Emma Eames and her husband, Emilio Gogorza, will begin their concerts in this country next January. Among the operatic artists who will be heard here in concerts the coming season are Schumann-Heink, Alma Gluck, Maggie Teyte, John McCormack, Mario Sammarco.

Weingartner was not particularly anxious to come to America next season just for a fortnight's operatic performances in Boston and two concerts, so he asked what seemed to him a prohibitive price. But Henry Russell promptly accepted his terms, and so the great conductor will cross the Atlantic next February and conduct "Tristan and Isolde" in Boston twice, with Nordica, Schumann-Heink, and "Urlus," and also "Faust" and "Tosca," with Miss Marcel as the prima donna. The programmes of his two concerts will include some of his own compositions. Before coming to this country, Weingartner and Miss Marcel will make several concert tours in Europe, including one in northern Russia (St. Petersburg and Moscow), and one in southern Russia and Poland (Odessa and Warsaw). The Vienna Philharmonic concerts are still under Weingartner's direction.

In honor of Gustav Mahler two performances of his eighth symphony, which requires 1,000 players and singers, will be given next season in Vienna, where also a fund for some musical purpose is to be named after him.

Lillian Nordica's concert tour will begin two weeks sooner than announced, in order to make it possible to visit California, too. Canada will be included; also Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Thirty recitals will be given.

Art

FAR EASTERN PAINTING.*

I.—China.

The Western artist paints usually with viscous colors on a non-absorbent material, which permits retouches and corrections. The Far Eastern artist paints preferably in fluid colors upon highly absorbent materials—paper or silk—where correction or retouch means ruin. Evidently, the Far Eastern painter is bound to a scrupulously thoughtful and precise technique. This contrast of material conditions corresponds to profound discrepancies of racial temperament and æsthetic aim. European art appeals largely to memories of things, Chinese art appeals chiefly to memories of feelings; European art treasures as a chief maxim *ars est celare artem*, Chinese art utterly repudiates a requirement that would deprive it of conscious joy in fine and economical workmanship; European art is judged mostly

**Three Essays on Oriental Painting.* By Seiichi Taki. London: Bernard Quaritch. 18 shillings; post 8vo; 57 collotype facsimiles.

These three essays, by the talented editor of *Kokka*, treat Japanese painting, Chinese painting, and the India Ink School, from the point of view of pure criticism. Released from chronological and biographical considerations, the author is free to treat typical masterpieces of the Far East merely as so much art, and his observations carry weight because he is conscious both of the merits of Occidental realistic painting and the limitations of the more imaginative art of China and Japan.

La Peinture Chinoise au Musée Guimet. Par Tchang Yi-tchou et J. Hackin. Paris: Librairie Paul Guenther. (Annales du Musée Guimet, Bibliothèque d'art, Tom 4.) Sixteen plates representing the main types of Chinese painting to recent times, with valuable historical and critical notes.

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by correspondence with fact and conceals its means, Far Eastern art is judged merely by its correspondence with fine emotions and avows its means. Or, pursuing the antithesis, Occidental art will tend to be realistic, or, under favorable conditions of selection and arrangement, classic; but there will always be an implied reference to a common experience that must not be offended; whereas Oriental art will tend to be exclusively romantic, setting no bounds to the emotions and permitting any exaggeration or distortion of common experience that the refined imagination may suggest.

This contrast of classic and romantic at which we are arrived very well illustrates both the usefulness and the danger of these general terms. For we must immediately attenuate the contrast by remarking that the romanticism of the Far Eastern painter is highly disciplined and limited by restrictions, sometimes hieratic, sometimes traditional in his craft. For example, a Chinese painter of the best period (roughly speaking, coincident with the Sung dynasties, from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries) is perfectly free to make a mountain ten times higher than it is, but he is bound to draw its edge according to one of a few standard formulas. These prescribed strokes, though based on the Chinese notion that painting is akin to calligraphy, are also admirable syntheses of the chief forms of structure in nature. Within less than a score of such strokes (for the correlation of which with facts of stratification, cleavage, erosion, etc., we must refer the reader to Mr. Taki's interesting pages), the Chinese romanticist must find his repertory. His art no sooner attains the lyrical freedom of music than, like music, it accepts the straitest conventions. And here again is a rather instructive difference between West and East. Precepts in the West are likely to apply to ways of feeling—to be, that is, a sheer drag upon the artist of talent, whereas, in the East, precepts are generally confined to ways of doing and give the artist both a steadying discipline and a kind of social support. Another difference: the Chinese or Japanese artist is subject only to the authority of his peers or betters; great artists, learned priests, æsthetes, connoisseurs, are his law-givers. In fact, there existed in China a varied and flexible art reinforced by a subtle and exquisite criticism at the time when all Europe lay contentedly in a doddering Byzantinism. The European artist, on the contrary, has usually been more or less at the mercy of his æsthetic inferiors. Plain men have marked out the limits which genius at best might only evade. This fact will account for the rarefied quality of the best Chinese and Japanese landscapes. Their excellence is not accessible to untrained intelligences. Beside them the most diaphanous of Whistler's nocturnes would seem just a shade too explicit. It is an aristocratic art, compounded of subtile understandings, of permitted audacities and syncopations, beside which Claude, Corot, and Turner at his broadest seem comparatively common, accessible, and democratic. Thus, with its tendency to sink into cheap realism, European art is, after all, far more widely representative of the civilizations that have produced it, and so more humanly significant, while Far Eastern art achieves a higher emotional intensity and a more strenuously choice and beautiful craftsmanship, after all, within far narrower limits.

I.

For the student of painting all periods before the Sung dynasty, which ruled from the tenth through the thirteenth century, are merely legendary. Early historians and critics give us some idea of the works of the T'ang dynasty, the seventh and eighth centuries, and of the Five Dynasties, from 907 to 960; but since no works surely of these periods have come down, our concern is chiefly with Sung painting. We have merely to note that the artists and critics of this period, perhaps erroneously, regarded themselves as decadent. Here ancestor worship may well have caused public expressions of inferiority which by no means corresponded to intimate convictions. It is hard to imagine anything finer than the best landscape scrolls which have been transmitted to us by these self-styled epigoni. So fine was Sung painting that the Tartar conquerors of the Yuan dynasty, the fourteenth century, did but continue the established manner. In spite of patrons like Kublai khan, there was during the Tartar sway a marked falling off in all the arts.

When the Ming emperors, ruling from the latter part of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, restored the native dominion, the old, severe, philosophical tradition of Chinese art had pretty well worn itself out. Elegance was now the quality most desired. Beside the traditional landscapes and religious subjects, which have taken on a character at once more realistic and more sentimental, we find familiar pictures of courtly life. Woman now gets full standing in art. From Ming painting derives, at a considerable interval, the figure subjects on old blue porcelain. The Manchu emperors, who for more than two centuries have held the throne, have in the main thrown their influence in favor of the imitation of Ming design, though there have also been partial revivals of the Sung manner. In the eighteenth century Chinese art becomes strongly realistic, carrying *genre* painting into all walks of life. Very ingenious and sprightly much of this work is, but it is inferior to similar Japanese painting and rather lacking in specific racial quality. This hurried chronological survey may introduce us to our real subject, the painting of the golden age—the Sung dynasty.

In the temple treasuries, museums, and private collections of Japan, there are more than two hundred paintings of the Sung and Yuan dynasties, while a scantier remnant persists in China itself and in the public and private collections of the West. The Boston Art Museum, the Freer Collection at Detroit, and the British Museum are among the richest in this art. The Musée Guimet also contains a few fine examples. Such admirable facsimiles as we have in *Kokka* and the "Select Relics," published at Tokio, make Sung painting fairly accessible to all students. There are a very few early paintings that possibly antedate the Sung period, and strongly suggest a primitive Chinese art free from Buddhistic influence and relatively realistic. Its existence is confirmed by those *genre* subjects in glazed terra cotta, of the Han dynasty (about the beginning of the Christian era), which have recently come to light. But the qualities of such underlying realistic painting must remain largely inferential. To the hieratic ideals of the Buddhist missionaries and the aristocratic formulas of the adepts of Confucius and Lao-tse, Chinese painting had yielded long before the to us merely traditional glory of the T'ang period (the seventh and eighth centuries). Of the severe splendor of the earliest hieratic painting, we have only Japanese echoes of later date. Still in the magnificent heroic figures of the Hôriuji Temple at Yamoto and the famous portable shrine of the same establishment we have paintings not later than the early years of the seventh century of our era, and, what is more important, exquisite works of an art still profoundly religious. To suggest the high qualities of these hieratic figures of incarnations of the Buddha, one is driven to ambitious analogies. Imagine a Crivelli purged of his smaller eccentricities, a Mantegna endowed with spirituality and freed from merely perfunctory dignity, and you will have some notion of the tingling austerity of this art, of the elaborate beauty and significance of its line and color, of its tense and urbane spirituality. I fancy Giovanni Bellini, had he remained in his Mantegnesque phase and painted wall decorations, might have done something as fine, but I cannot imagine any other artist of Europe meeting these far Eastern mystics successfully on their own ground. Even in the superabundant scrolls of the centuries of decadence, some persistence of the solemn splendor of the parent art may be noted. At the risk of protesting overmuch, I must repeat that the value of this early hieratic

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art at its best is not relative, but absolute. Without pushing wide and futile comparisons, the seeker of the higher forms of beauty must acquaint himself with these rare survivals as he must familiarize himself with the pediments of Olympia, the mosaics of Ravenna, and the portals of Rheims.

II.

If the hieratic art of China and Japan finds its analogies in the great religious art of other periods, Chinese landscape painting is a thing apart. No painting of landscape so fully realizes the profoundly psychological aphorism of Amiel that landscape is a state of mind (*un état de l'âme*). Occidental landscape painting has never fully emancipated itself from the requirement that it should be a record of facts. Hence, since large and comprehensive record is impossible, it has tended to limit itself to the picturesque bit. Our artists mostly prefer the thing that can be quite fully remembered and represented. A restricted kind of intimacy is their ideal. Now the Chinese landscape painter, dealing primarily with feelings about nature, naturally chose those aspects that evoke feeling most powerfully. Great expanses of plain rimmed by looming mountains, ravines widening out to river valleys, perilous gorges, were his favorite themes. The long scrolls upon which some of the earlier landscapes are painted represent in a single work nature in many aspects. One may unroll gradually and with delight quiet rivers with boating parties, gardens with the pavilions of the rich, arable fields, temples, and usually there will be a mountain screen behind these foreground subjects, gaunt and formidable against the sky. As one plies the rolls, picture succeeds to picture in modulations expressing so many phases of the love of nature. I hardly know an occupation more soothing, more evocative of reverent contemplation, than such converse with a landscape scroll of good period. Such apparently naïve art prevails in virtue of fine selection and prudent elimination, withal by concentration upon the significant facts of landscape—its scale and proper magnitude, the run of rivers, and the passing of winds.

Repeatedly the Chinese artists give us the simple theme of a hermit sage shadowed by a lone tree and seated in contemplation of sublime scenery. These tiny philosophers often choose the brink of abysses for their meditations, or gorges cooled by the spray of cataracts. What is remarkable in these pictures is the impregnation of the whole with the mood of the small figure. The balance of the contours of the ravine, the outreaching of trees from the crags, will seem merely the projection of the thinker's mood, or, conversely, he may be regarded merely as the incarnation of the spirit of the place. Such equilibrium between mood and fact is exquisitely maintained by the great Chinese painters and even by such gifted amateurs as the Emperor Huitsung, two of whose landscapes are included in Mr. Taki's album. In these pictures the landscape is reduced to its minimum expressive lines, mere things have been well-nigh eliminated, and we have the kind of prospect that might exist in a world of ideas before the actual gross substances of the earth had been created.

Early Chinese art offers as well landscape of a more literal sort. There are snow scenes, views of frozen lakes, and the like, presented with the finest atmospheric equilibrium and with an infallible sense of texture. Here the rhythm is usually in the third dimension, dependent on the accurate placing of significant objects in aerial perspective. Snow scenes ascribed to Li Ti and Ma Lin in Mr. Taki's book may best illustrate this comparatively objective phase of Chinese landscape. But here again the work is permeated with mood. Take the Summer Landscape in Viscount Okitomo Akimoto's collection ascribed to Kao Jan-hui. Nothing could be simpler than its ingredients. A cascade bordered by dark firs slips down in a double curve and forms a quiet pool. High above, beyond intervening mists, the shaggy shoulder of a mountain takes up the double curve and loses it again in the upper vapors. There is in these hints a sense of the secular life-story of the rivulet, of its eroding task through the ages, of its kinship with fog and rain; and one hardly needs the temple on the nearest ridge to remind us that these immemorial processes are sacred. To a beginner in this art I especially recommend this beautiful painting, the spiritual quality of which, together with its masterly and simple composition, must deeply affect any sensitive mind.

I can hardly dwell upon more deliberately fantastic and romantic phases of Chinese landscape painting, though these are most interesting. Let me merely remark the sea view ascribed to Chao Po-kiu, and illustrated in plate ii of the Musée Guimet Catalogue. Bare headlands rise like fangs against a rippled inland sound. In the interspaces are scant pine trees. Beyond, two straits enclose an island which presents crags still more formidable to the sky. The sun touches the distant waters with broad, sullen streaks that are lustrous without brilliancy. Near-by the wind crisps the water and urges tiny craft over the waste. Far away rules an ominous calm, and beyond an horizon lost in gloom there are faint but keen indications of an ultimate mountain ridge. The colors are a sombre blue and green, accented with black and gold. The whole impression is troubling and sinister in the extreme. One hardly needs the beautifully written note of a friendly critic, formerly custodian of this treasure, which informs us that

> In the sea there are great islands, the home of marine demons, of crocodile-men, of pearls, and fish of every sort. These isles are rather lofty, and rise from amid the waves. One sees emerge the crags where the spirits dwell and where the birds which fly between heaven and sea perch and brood and raise their young.

III.

In the attempt to get at the spirit of Chinese landscape I have intentionally carried into one category of expression works in color and works in India ink. The harm is the less because the Chinese in landscape use colors sparingly, often employing only two fundamental tones, and because they require of their draughtsman in ink the illusion and richness of color itself. Dead ink is their strongest term of reproach, meaning ink carelessly and inexpressively applied. And their connoisseurs distinguish no less than five colors of ink, a refinement which, since the paper has a perceptible yellow quality and the ink a tendency to blue, is by no means imaginary. We shall do well to admit with the native critics that, although the simplest and most concentrated effects are attained in monochrome, the colored landscape has a wider range and a more accessible amenity. If a Westerner readily casts his vote with the devotees of ink, it is largely because such work suffers less in reproduction. Nor can I make much of the very interesting native division of all landscape painting into Southern and Northern, although this somewhat paradoxical distinction throws much light on Chinese ways of thought. The river scenery of the South abounds in sublime and sensational features, but Southern painting is suave and gentle. Northern scenery is monotonous, but the Northern style of painting is rugged, emphatic, overtly picturesque. The terms, then, correspond to nothing in Chinese geography, but to much in Chinese modes of feeling. The same painter under diverse inspiration will paint in the Northern or in the Southern manner. Sometimes critics object to the treatment of a Northern subject with inappropriate Southern suavity. The words, in short, present something like our own wide but ill-defined antithesis between the classic and romantic. We should not go far amiss if we said that "Goetz von Berlichingen" was in Goethe's Northern manner; "Iphigenie" in his Southern.

Nearly a thousand years ago the critic, Kuo Hsi, in his work, "The Noble Features of the Forest and the Stream," expressed once for all the guiding sentiment of Chinese landscape painting. He takes it as axiomatic that all gently disposed people would prefer

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to lead a solitary and contemplative life in communion with nature, but he sees, too, that the public weal does not permit such an indulgence.

This is not the time for us [he writes] to abandon the busy worldly life for one of seclusion in the mountains, as was honorably done by some ancient sages in their days. Though impatient to enjoy a life amidst the luxuries of nature, most people are debarred from indulging in such pleasures. To meet this want, artists have endeavored to represent landscapes so that people may be able to behold the grandeur of nature without stepping out of their houses. In this light painting affords pleasures of a nobler sort, by removing from one the impatient desire of actually observing nature.

Such a passage yields its full meaning only upon very careful reading. One should note the background of civilization, quietism, and rural idealism implied in so casual an expression as the "luxuries of nature." Nor should one fail to see that what is brought into the home of the restless worldling is not the mere likeness of nature, but the choice feeling of the sage. Again, the statement that the enjoyment of a thing merely symbolized and shadowed forth by the artist is nobler than the enjoyment of the thing itself should be duly weighed. Never, I think, did the Chinese fall into the recurrent Occidental confusion of means with ends by which art was thought to be mere imitation or conveyance of nature. Hence, while Chinese landscape-painting is frequently tenuous, and almost always adapted to somewhat esoteric modes of feeling, it is almost never vulgar or inconsequential. Demand was made not upon the observational skill of the artist; that was simply taken for granted; but upon his inner resources. For five centuries and more the Chinese artist was worthy of such a challenge, and even in decadence he retained at least the forms and ceremony of the aristocratic mysticism of greater days.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Messrs. Harrap announce a new color book by Willy Pogány, "Tannhäuser," freely rendered in poetic narrative form by T. W. Rolleston, with 224 pages, lithographed in two colors, including numerous full-page and smaller drawings in line. The book will be printed on gray paper with rough surface; there will be an ordinary and a limited edition.

Josef Israels, the famous Dutch painter, died at The Hague on Saturday of last week. He was born at Groningen in 1824. He early showed such a strong taste for art that his father sent him to Amsterdam to study painting. Later he worked in Paris, Picot, Ary Scheffer, and Delaroche being his masters. At first he painted historical pictures, the most notable being William the Silent of Orange bidding defiance to Philip II of Spain. He was taken ill and went to Zandvoort, a fishing village near Haarlem, to recuperate. There his genius created itself, for in the humble folk he found the characters that inspired him, and the daily tragedy of life became his principal theme. Among his most important works of this period of his artistic career were The Zandvoort Fishermen, in the Amsterdam Gallery; The Shipwrecked Mariner, which was recently sold for $20,000, and the Village Poor. A Frugal Meal, the most important of the many pictures he painted of that subject, was sold for the same price at the Alexander Young sale. Israels was also noted for his water-colors and etchings.

Finance

VERSIONS OF PANIC HISTORY.

It is of frequent occurrence in historical criticism that the same set of known facts are used to construct three or four different and contradictory theories as to causes. This is, perhaps, even more true of financial history than of plain political history, because economic phenomena are in themselves more obscure than political phenomena, and because, also, different people have different theories as to what causes any important movement in finance, and will insist in a given case that the explanation must be fitted to their favorite theories. A great financial crisis is invariably followed by a jangle of discordant voices, each with its own account of the why and wherefore. Every one knows how the controversy raged after the panic of 1907. It was caused by President Roosevelt's policies. It was caused by an inelastic currency. It was caused by Charles W. Morse. It was caused by bad banking laws and inadequate restrictions on trust company finance. It was caused by the recklessness of important financial interests, who got into trouble as a result of their recklessness. It was caused by important financial interests for the purpose of wrecking credit and beating down values, in order to pick up bargains for themselves. There is not the least doubt that to-day, nearly four years after the outbreak of that panic in New York, each of these conflicting explanations has the absolute belief of thousands of people who should be reasonably familiar with the actual facts.

The reason for recalling all this just now is that the Stanley committee's excursions into the history of 1907 succeeded last week in raking up some of the bitterest controversy of that day, and in presenting it in a way which is quite as likely to encourage illusions as to establish the truth. This has been the case, both with the voluminous testimony on the "Tennessee Coal deal" and with the testimony about the famous "statement to the press," the evening before the run on the trust companies began. It had been hoped that this last-named episode might be left to be forgotten, among the numerous foolish and discreditable incidents which always mark a financial panic. It is not easy to see how anything could be gained by reviving it. But since that has been done, and since the incident may easily contribute to false ideas regarding the crisis which preceded and followed it, the plain and well-known facts of the matter may as well be stated.

It is impossible to excuse Mr. Perkins for the manner in which (without authority from the bankers who were laboring to avert the shock which they saw impending in the credit market) he gave out to the newspapers an account of the situation which, as Mr. Stone of the Associated Press said in his subsequent letter to Mr. Thorne of the trust company, "distinctly emphasized the run on the Trust Company of America, if, indeed, it did not precipitate it." The statement, describing that banking institution as in serious peril, and the subject of anxious concern by the Clearing House authorities, may have been true or it may not—that is beside the point. Every one of the least business experience knows that such a published statement from any source, with the Knickerbocker's doors just closed and the whole structure of credit tottering, was like exploding a can of dynamite under an insecure building.

This fact was recognized by the refusal of the Associated Press to send out the statement to the newspapers, although it came from a supposably responsible source, and one or two less scrupulous papers were known to be publishing it, and although, if true, it was news of paramount public interest. There are times when such news, in view of the public safety, must either be suppressed or stated in the most guarded possible way, and it was not at all thus stated in the account in question. Mr. Stone was unquestionably right in asserting that it emphasized and might conceivably have caused the run on the America, and Mr. Thorne is wholly within the facts in describing it as a "piece of stupidity." But there are times when stupidity is pretty nearly criminal.

It is unnecessary to insist on this very obvious aspect of the matter. What should be emphasized is the utter folly of supposing such a thing to have been done by the wish of the powerful financiers who were at that moment engaged in preparing to protect the business community against the coming strain. Throughout the hearings of the Stanley committee, there have been constant signs of a leaning toward the notion that powerful interests were inspiring and promoting the panic situation, with a view to their own selfish profits. The idea—based, no doubt, on the wild talk of La Follette that booms and panics, prosperity and adversity, are caused altogether by a group of unprincipled millionaires—is wholly preposterous; but it is none the less dangerous because it is preposterous to instil the idea into

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the unthinking public's brain. For the excesses and extravagances which paved the way to the crisis of 1907, our High Finance was gravely responsible; but when the crisis came, it took its stand, in the disinterested protective measures, with the most conservative of the banking interests. Indeed, it had to do so. If there had been no other motive, self-preservation would have been sufficient.

But it is equally true that the public's illusions on this head will not be removed until a sane and intelligent view of the panic itself is taken. The trust company authorities, in insinuating that there need have been no trouble but for Mr. Perkins's statement to the reporters, are as wide of the fact as is the author of that statement, in intimating that it was harmless. It was their own financial practices, their defiance of the reserve proposals of the Clearing House, and their amazing neglect of the principles of sound banking, by which the trust companies invited the storm which nearly wrecked them. All this is now a matter of established financial history, and, happily, with the new trust company law of 1908 and the new Clearing House affiliations of 1911, it is a closed chapter. It will probably take longer for the people at large to realize fully that their own extravagance, neglect of old-time business precautions, and plunge into constantly mounting liabilities, so as to get rich quicker than pursuit of sober business methods would make possible, were fundamental in the lesson which the whole community received four years ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen. P. S. Daheim: A German First Reader. Holt. 70 cents.
Anderson, Isabel (Mrs. Larz Anderson). Captain Ginger Aboard the Gee Whiz; Captain Ginger's Playmates. Illustrated. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. 50 cents net each.
Batten, S. Z. The Social Task of Christianity. Revell. $1.25 net.
Begbie, H. The Shadow: A Story of the Evolution of a Soul. Revell. $1.25 net.
Bell, K. Mediæval Europe: A Text-Book of European History, 1095-1254. Frowde.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. IX, Tangential Views; Vol. X, The Opinionator. Neale Pub. Co.
Blount, A., and Northup, C. S. An Elementary English Grammar. Holt. 55 cents.
Brown, C. R. The Modern Man's Religion. Teachers College, Columbia University.
Burke, M. C. School Room Echoes. Book Two. Boston: Badger.
Dodd, A. F. History of Money in the British Empire and the United States. Longmans, Green.
Dolge, A. Pianos and Their Makers. Covina, Cal.: Covina Pub. Co.
Everett-Green, E. The House of Silence. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.25 net.
Faber, B., and Hamilton, C. A. Sense of Humour. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Fitch, G. H. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Fitch, M. H. The Chattanooga Campaign. Wisconsin History Commission. (In behalf of the State of Wisconsin.)
Fleharty, C. V. A Wild Rose. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Hough, A. J. Egyptian Melodies. Boston: Badger.
Heath, G. E. The Madonna and the Christ Child. Boston: Badger.
Hurn, E. A. Wisconsin's Women in the War. Wisconsin History Commission. (State of Wisconsin.)
Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by A. W. Leonard. Holt.
Jacobs, L. R. Celibacy. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgment. Translated, with introductory essays, by J. C. Meredith. Frowde.
Keyes, C. H. Progress Through the Grades of City Schools. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.
Kingsley's Westward Ho! Crowell. $1.50.
Life of King Henry the Fifth. Written in 1513. Edited by C. L. Kingsford. Frowde. $2.90.
Lincoln, A. Selections from Letters, Speeches, and State Papers. Boston: Ginn. 30 cents.
Mineral Resources of the United States Calendar Year, 1909. Part I, Metals; Part II, Nonmetals. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Nichols, W. B. The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy. London: Nutt.
Olmsted, E. W., and Gordon, A. A Spanish Grammar for Schools and Colleges. Holt. $1.40.
Penniman, J. H. Books and How to Make the Most of Them. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Prokosch, E. An Introduction to German. Holt. $1.15.
Rayner, E. The Dilemma of Engeltie. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Report of Commission of Conservation (Canada) on Lands, Fisheries, and Game, and Minerals, for 1911. Ottawa.
Robertson, A. T. The Glory of the Ministry. Revell. $1.25 net.
San Francisco Bay and California in 1776. Providence, R. I.: John Carter Brown Library.
Six Town Chronicles of England. Introduction and notes by R. Flenley. Frowde. $2.50.
Stratton-Porter, G. The Harvester. Doubleday, Page. $1.35.
Swift, F. H. A History of Public Permanent Common School Funds in the U. S., 1795-1905. Holt. $3.75 net.
The Price: A Play in Three Acts. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.
Tolstoi's Resurrection. Crowell. $1.50.
Yerkes, R. M. Introduction to Psychology. Holt. $1.60.

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